A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL

PHILIP S. MARDEN

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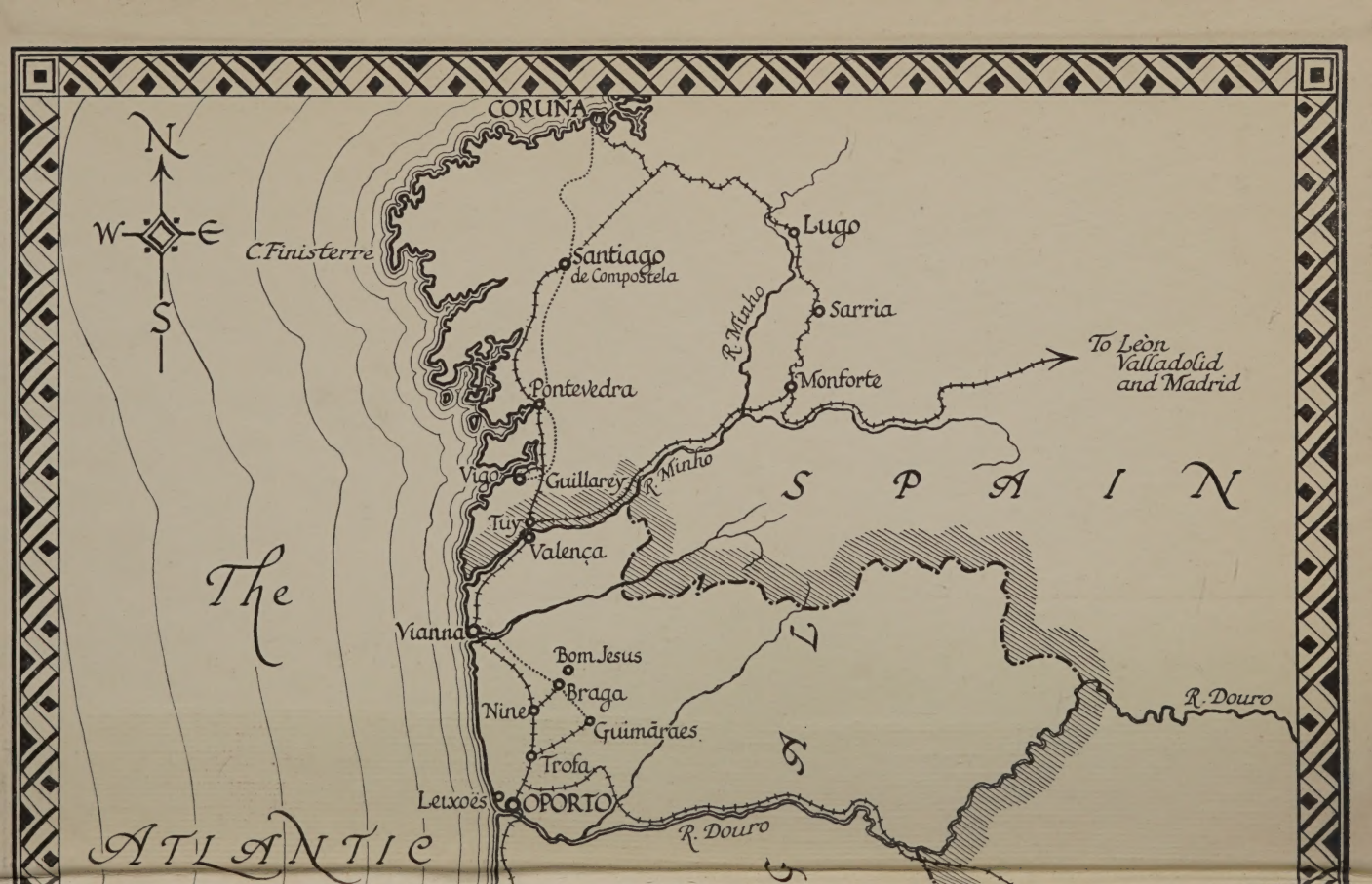
A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL

By Philip S. Marden

MR. MARDEN is already well known for his 'Travels in Spain,' 'Egyptian Days,' 'Greece and the Ægean Islands,' and other delightful books of travel. His 'Wayfarer in Portugal' is both entertaining and of practical assistance to those who would venture into a country unspoiled by tourists.

Portugal, as yet but little known to holiday-makers, is not a large country, and it is so constituted that every visitor follows virtually the same path, but the visitors are too few at the present moment to do justice to this highly entertaining and interesting way. Portugal should be much better known, and this book aims to stimulate those travelers who have not before thought of going there, as well as to prove useful to those whose journey is already planned. Chapters on the adjacent northwestern corner of Spain are included as well as all the information which the traveler needs for the intelligent appreciation of what he sees.

Lavishly illustrated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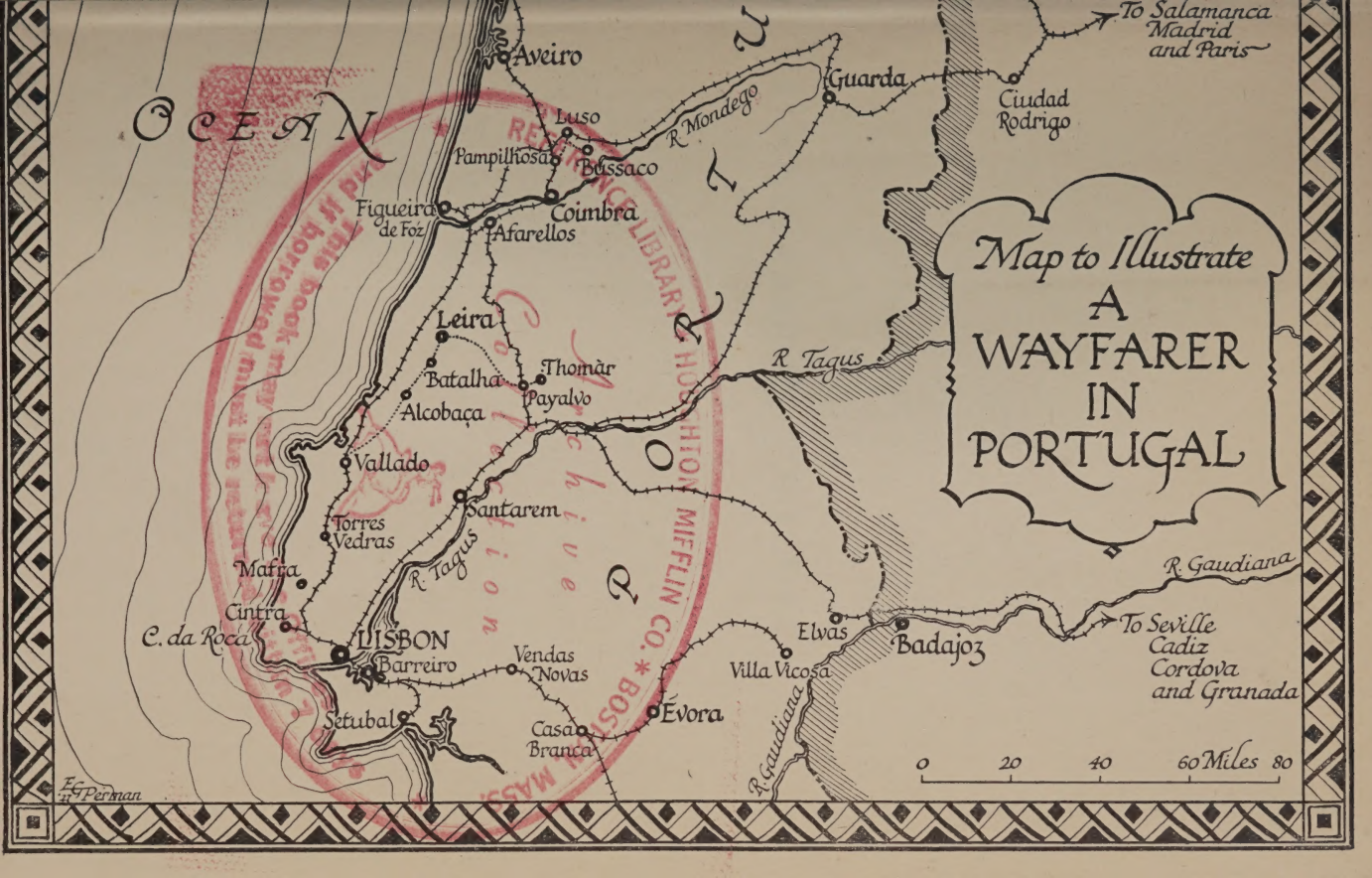
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and Paris
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A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL

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A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL

BY

PHILIP S. MARDEN

WITH TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS
AND AN END-PAPER MAP

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PREFACE

IN what follows I have attempted to make such a book as I should have liked to find myself before venturing into Portugal. It is not intended to take the place of a guide-book, of course, and yet so difficult is it to find even a guide-book relating to this country which is not at least a dozen years out of date that I have included what may seem to the casual reader much that savours of undue particularity. In the main I have described my own journeyings in Portugal, and have added a brief description of two or three sites in north-western Spain which are almost certain to be visited in connection with any Portuguese jaunt by the ordinary traveller on pleasure bent. I have likewise included a short sketch of the history of Portugal, since it is my personal experience that a brief summary of this sort is so useful to one making such a journey as to be virtually indispensable. One who makes no pretensions to personal expertness in such matters is naturally driven to rely on other

sources of information, and in consequence I have drawn freely on whatever extant material I could find to supplement what direct personal experience has revealed. I trust that no very vital misinformation will be found to embarrass any who follow in my footsteps as here outlined—and so as in duty bound will ever pray.

PHILIP S. MARDEN

LOWELL, MASS.
July 1927

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NOTE.—Except where otherwise acknowledged, the illustrations are from photographs by the Exclusive News Agency, Roehampton

A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL

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CHAPTER I

SOME GLITTERING GENERALITIES

PORTUGAL is familiar even to the most casual student of geography as a sort of jig-saw puzzle-piece inserted with no apparent reason in the western edge of the peninsula occupied principally by Spain. Logically it looks as if it ought to be a part of Spain; and such it actually was down to the time when, in the twelfth century, it was set apart as an independent political entity, in circumstances which will be taken up somewhat later in this narrative.

To add to its illogical look, there are but few and brief instances in which a definite physical boundary separates Portugal from Spain. On the north the Minho River suffices for several miles to make a convenient visible barrier, and a similar service is performed in the south-east by the River Guadiana; but apart from these and some brief stretches of mountain range, the geographical division seems purely an artificial matter.

Portugal is a little country, long and narrow, with the shape of an almost perfect parallelogram. It is about 350 miles long and a scant 130 miles wide,

yielding a total area not greatly different from that of the State of Maine. The population, however, is much more dense, numbering something like six million. These are by no means all the people subject to Portuguese jurisdiction. There remain various survivals of the old colonial empire, in addition to the familiar island outposts of the Azores and Madeira, such as possessions in India (Goa, Damio and Timor), with a population of nearly one million, and colonies in both Western and Eastern Africa (Angola and the Mozambique), which stand credited with maintaining about eight million more persons on an area of nearly 900,000 square miles. All these, along with the Cape Verdes, Portuguese Guinea and sundry minor colonial outposts, are still subject to the Portuguese authority. It is but a remnant of the days of Portugal's greater glory. Brazil, which was the most considerable in size and importance of all the colonies founded in the brave period of exploration and expansion, declared itself independent in the earlier half of the nineteenth century—first as an empire and more recently as a republic. India, potentially at least as important a discovery, was never so completely identified with Portugal, despite her provision of the first Viceroy to reign there, and long ago drifted to other hands—probably to Portugal's lasting gain.

This account on which we are now embarking naturally concerns itself only with Portugal proper. The country has a coastline surprisingly long when considered with reference to the whole surface of the land, with a score of harbours, only a few of

which, however, are sufficiently deep to be accessible to ships of reasonable size or to have any great commercial importance. The most considerable ports are Lisbon, where the Tagus River, in conjunction with ample and well-protected bays, offers anchorage for the largest ships, and Oporto (or rather its unpronounceable suburb, Leixoës), which has for a long time disputed commercial supremacy with Lisbon. With the smaller ports, such as Setubal, Figueira and Vianna, the ordinary visitor on pleasure bent will have nothing to do.

The Portuguese coastline becomes scenically notable only at a few isolated points, such as Cabo da Roca, with its magnificent cliffs, just west of Cintra, or in the mountainous headlands and islands at the mouth of the Minho on the north, or at Cape St. Vincent, where the coastline turns abruptly eastward toward Gibraltar. The long stretches of the shore which the visitor is sure to see as he journeys northward from Lisbon to the border are sandy rather than rocky, and are backed by yellow dunes, against the further encroachments of which pine forests have been planted.

While mountainous, especially on the side toward Spain, the main country is certain to strike the tourist as rather low-lying, with rolling hills, fair valleys and abundant cultivable soil. It has been stated by Portuguese with very proper pride that of the land available for agriculture fully 80 per cent. is turned to account. Minor mountain barriers suffice to separate these cultivated vales from one another and provide numerous small rivers, flowing mainly to the westward, of which the Mondego is

the most considerable having a purely Portuguese origin. The main streams, however, such as the Tagus, the Guadiana, the Douro and the Minho, come in from Spain. I believe there is no mountain with much more than 6,000 feet of altitude, and there is nothing, surely, to compare with the lofty Spanish plateaux such as one finds in the region of Madrid and Toledo. Indeed, with the fertile valleys and tree-clad hillsides the visitor is likely to be more strongly reminded of Italy than of Spain. There is seldom anything reminiscent of Spanish austerity in the landscape. The aspect is pastorally beautiful rather than grand. Forests are distinctly more abundant. The mountains are clothed with pine, oak and cork trees, and at the more moderate altitudes there are splendid growths of chestnut. Nearly one-sixth of the total area of the country is said to be given over to woodland.

Portugal, it may be added, is a gigantic garden during the greater part of the year, but most notably in the spring and fall. The autumnal season is, in some aspects, a second spring-time, when verdure reawakens after the summer droughts, which are commonly protracted and severe. No one seems to recommend the climate in July and August, when the heat is intense ; but it has abundant panegyrists in other seasons, even in winter, and may be assumed to be at its level best in May and October. The gardens of Portugal are famous and apparently thrive with a minimum of care. The countryside is spangled with blossoms growing wild which a New Englander would regard as difficult of cultivation. The roses and camelias are of extraordinary beauty.

Indeed, it is to the nature-lover that the country is sure to make the strongest appeal—much stronger than can be made to the lover of art. Portugal's art treasures are few and are mainly architectural or textile. The land is a paradise for the gardener and for the fancier of antique furniture or brocade. Of pictures there is a dearth, but of splendid old buildings—chiefly ecclesiastical—there is no lack.

Agriculturally, according to the books, Portugal is merely self-supporting. She raises just about enough for her own needs out of a seemingly inexhaustible soil—barley, rye, wheat, maize, and (in the moist districts) some rice. One sees huge oat-fields, and judging by what appears on the tables, the potato crop is most admirable. The fruits of the south are of uncommonly fine quality, notably the oranges, which are small but excellent. Of course, the vineyards are extensive, and the wines of "Porto," as they call it now, form as of yore a large part of the country's export. One also sees and hears evidence of an increasing manufacture of cloths and porcelains, but mainly for domestic use.

Communication of an internal sort is chiefly by rail, the highways being as a rule extremely poor and steadily deteriorating. The railroads, by dint of allowing abundant time, manage to maintain surprisingly punctual schedules; and the equipment, especially in the first-class trains and on the main lines, is as good as one could ask. The gauge is the same as Spain's—six feet—so that there is no need of changing at the frontier. There must be something like two thousand miles of rail, a large part of which property is under Government ownership.

Naturally there is a considerable coastwise traffic by sea, and some of the larger rivers afford channels for inland communication to supplement the highways and railway lines.

The present money of Portugal is paper, the unit being the escudo, which in normal conditions should be a little more than a dollar in value, but which is sadly depreciated since the war. It has "improved", however, from the days in which one got more than thirty to the dollar to a point where one receives only nineteen or twenty. Unfortunately the prices, which were put up when the exchange was lowest, have not invariably or proportionately receded since the escudo improved in estate, and the result is that Portugal is not altogether a cheap place in which to live, especially from the standpoint of such as maintain households there. Although wages are low, even in the building trades, there is little mendicancy. One will see more beggars on the Alcalà or the San Jeronimo in Madrid than in all Portugal.

There are but three or four considerable cities. Lisbon—locally spelled Lisboa—is a fine and thriving town, the national capital and a very important port. Coimbra, the seat of the chief university, is much smaller but very nearly as well served in the matter of hotel accommodation. Oporto is perhaps still the country's chief port, although, as intimated before, large ships cannot actually approach the town itself because of the wicked sandbars at the mouth of the Douro and are compelled to put in at Leixoës, some six miles away.

The Government since 1910, when King Manuel II

abdicated and fled the country, has been a republic and so continues (1926) with a constitution in some respects similar to that of the United States. There is a President, who is eligible for only a single term of four years, and who names his own Cabinet—but this Cabinet is thereafter responsible to the Parliament, which has two chambers, one elected by districts for three-year terms, and one chosen by the municipal councils, who must choose half the body every three years. The constitution may be revised once in ten years, legally, but it might conceivably be revised much oftener than that by resort to revolutionary upheavals, for which there has been shown an unfortunate predilection.

A small army is maintained, consisting of 30,000 men (when on a peace footing) but capable of expansion to about 175,000 at need, including reservists who have served the required three years during their youth. The navy is also small and is composed of cruisers, gunboats, destroyers and other minor craft.

Racially and linguistically there seems to be more or less in common between the Portuguese and Spanish, but the similarities are offset by conspicuous differences which often strike the visitor as amazing in view of the proximity of the two occupants of the peninsula. One who knows Spanish will readily read Portuguese and can make himself understood, but will have difficulty in comprehending the spoken speech. The racial stock is said to be descended from the old Iberian and Basque, with later admixtures of Celtic and Galician strains. No love is lost, as a rule, between Spain and Portugal,

the people of each country regarding those of the other with professed disdain. A Spaniard cannot see why a Portuguese should wish to remain independent, and a Portuguese cannot forget or forgive ancient efforts of the Spanish to repossess themselves of his country. That there has been no very recent conflict between the two is probably due to Great Britain's virtual guarantee of Portuguese independence.

Education, though more vigorously prosecuted under the republic than under the old monarchy, is still ineffective to reduce appreciably the high percentage of illiteracy—commonly set at from 70 to 75 per cent. This condition, however, is certain to be bettered in time. From the religious standpoint, although toleration is the order of the day, the country is predominately Roman Catholic, with three principal dignitaries presiding over three great Church provinces. These are the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, the Bishop of Braga (who is the "Primate of Portugal"), and the Archbishop of Evora.

Lastly, the prevailing character of the people is that of sobriety, industry and kindliness. One is certain to be impressed in especial manner by the uniform courtesy and good nature shown, the helpfulness of even the humblest and the manifest desire to please. Unpunctuality is a sort of national weakness, to be sure, and there are elements of cleanliness which remain to be learned; but in the main it is safe to say anyone who goes thither will unfeignedly like the Portuguese.

There seems to be little or no record of a distinctively Portuguese art and relatively little Portuguese

BATALHA

ALCOBACA
SOME PICTURESQUE CLOISTERS

literature. The most casual pilgrim will have heard vaguely of Luis Camoëns, the epic poet who sang so quaintly in the *Lusiad* of the voyages of Vasco da Gama ; and there is some warrant for asserting that Velasquez, Spain's superlative painter, was really more Portuguese than Spanish. Nevertheless there is scant fame for Portugal in the realm of either art or letters, save through the reflected light from Mrs. Browning. And the abiding impression of the modern wayfarer is likely to be that the line in which the country's artists have most excelled is that of wood-sculpture—very like Spain's—as manifested in the adornment of churches and shrines.

In fine, Portugal appears to live mainly to herself. Her newspapers publish extremely little about affairs outside, save in some overmastering crisis, and almost nothing about affairs in the United States, although there will be occasional mention of something happening in South America, and most naturally of all in Brazil. The people are seemingly intent on their own business and their own politics—the latter an intricate and all-absorbing topic.

CHAPTER II

AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY

SO little appears to be known of the history of Portugal by casual visitors, and so few are the convenient sources of such summarized information as one requires for an intelligent appreciation of what one sees there, that it seems desirable to attempt first of all a brief sketch of the past of this curious little country, now a republic, but for many centuries a monarchy with a chequered, and at intervals exceedingly important, career.

Handicapped by her small size, limited resources, and a tendency on the part of more recent monarchs toward an extravagant expenditure on their own estate out of all proportion to what the country could afford, Portugal's fate has been to figure far less prominently in the story of human development than did her neighbour, Spain. Nevertheless there was a time, shortly antedating the rise of Spain to the chief position of eminence through her discoveries in the Western Hemisphere, during which Portugal took the lead and enjoyed a sort of Golden Age, to which is owed the chief of her surviving monuments. It was something less than a crowded hour of glorious life, as such things go in history. It might better be described as a quarter-hour. But while it endured

it was sufficiently glorious to warrant a better knowledge of it, especially on the part of such as make voyages thither in these less momentous days.

One may pass rather hastily over the years before Portugal emerged as an independent political unit. It formed originally the greater part of what the Romans knew as the province of Lusitania, and as such was subjugated by Augustus. The relics of this period are not numerous, but are to be seen at their best in Evora. In the fifth century, at the overthrow of the Roman Empire, the land was overrun by the Alans and Visigoths, as was the whole of the Iberian Peninsula. Spain, whereof what we now call Portugal was then an integral part, suffered various painful vicissitudes during the ensuing three hundred years, only to encounter further, and even worse, experiences when the Saracen invasions, from the eighth century onwards, subjected her to a new set of masters from outside.

The Arab conquerors, more generally referred to in the Spanish area under the name of Moors, retained complete control in Iberia for a comparatively brief time ; but they enjoyed a substantial sovereignty over the greater part of the peninsula for about four centuries, gradually retiring southward before the growing power of Christian Spain until finally expelled altogether in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. In the interval, as Christian power extended in the more northerly portions, the gradually reconquered territory was organized as a series of counties, with delegate rulers in each representing the sovereigns of Leòn and Castile. The area between the Minho and Douro Rivers (one of the

earliest to be recaptured by the forces of Leòn) thus became the nucleus of the "county of Portugal", taking its name (according to tradition) from the Roman *Portuc Cale,* near the mouth of the Douro.

In the process of recovering her lost ground Leòn was assisted by a certain soldier of fortune, Henry of Burgundy, a lineal descendant of Hugh Capet, who offered his sword and his ability as a general for the reconquest of Spain. So effective was his service that Affonso VI, King of Leon and Castile, cheerfully gave to Henry his daughter, Theresa, in marriage and sent the pair to live in quasi-regal state at Guimaraës as rulers of the newly acquired county. Their castle is still to be seen at Guimaraës and their tombs are in the cathedral of Braga, which town for a season also served as the county capital. In addition, Affonso permitted Henry to annex whatever new territory he might recapture from the Moors southward along the Tagus.

Thus Portugal really owes its origin to a sort of wedding-present. It did not become a full-fledged independent kingdom at once; but after the death of Henry and during the subsequent regency of his widow a distinct sense of nationalism was born which came to full flower when Affonso Henriques—known to the Portuguese as Affonso I—the son of Henry and Theresa, succeeded his mother.

Affonso declared his dominions to be independent in 1143, after a submission to a quaint ordeal of battle in which a picked band of Portuguese knights defeated in a test tournament a picked band of Castilian champions. This secession was formally recognized by Leòn; and Affonso, now king in his

own right, was permitted to pursue his conquests against the retreating Moors for the ensuing quarter-century, finally reducing Lisbon to possession and uniting under his government a very large part of what is now recognized as Portugal. Affonso died in 1185 and lies buried in the ancient church of Santa Cruz in Coimbra, as does also his son, Sancho I, who succeeded him as the second Portuguese king and who reigned until his death in 1211.

A barren interval followed. Affonso II (the Fat) ascended the throne and held sway until his death in 1223. His son, Sancho II, was abruptly deposed and gave place to a brother who took the title of Affonso III, and completed the expulsion of the Moors from the entire territory of his kingdom. He died in 1279, and was in turn succeeded by one of the more notable kings in the extending series, Diniz (or Denis) "the Farmer". Of him there is more to be said, both now and hereafter.

Diniz left his mark on the country—an indelible mark, and mainly for good. He developed agriculture and furthered various public works. The forest of pines which he planted all along the western coast to keep down the sea sands from encroachment can still be seen. Diniz was a thrifty soul, and among the legends is that he objected to what he felt to be the too free-handed charity of his queen, the beautiful Isabel (Elizabeth) of Aragon, who retorted that all she ever gave was roses. By way of confirmation for this pious fraud—for, of course, Isabel was prevaricating—roses were found in her apron. It sufficed to make her a saint, and to this day she is *La Rainha Santa*, with a glorious carved

tomb at the convent of Santa Clara, just opposite the present city of Coimbra. Diniz instituted the order of the Knights of Christ, whose castle remains at Thomàr. He also founded the still famous University of Coimbra, built the fine Gothic castle which abides in ruined glory on the heights over Leiria, and adopted for himself the unforgettable device, *Que fiz tanto Quiz.* This may be variously translated, but presumably implies " I do what I set out to do " rather than " I do what I please ".

Diniz passed from the scene in 1325. His son, Affonso IV, acceeded to power and became known to history mainly for an act of superlative barbarity —to wit, the murder of Inez de Castro, who had recently married Pedro, the king's son, against the father's express prohibition. Inez was waylaid by hired bravos as she kept a tryst near the spring now called variously the Fountain of Love or Fountain of Tears, just across the river from Coimbra.

The cruel father-in-law did not long survive, and a few years later the son, now Pedro I, sometimes called " the Just ", but more often " the Cruel ", took a savage revenge on those who had so rudely deprived him of his bride. On assuming the royal power in 1357 he caused the mouldering body of Inez to be exhumed, set it on a throne, crowned its unconscious head and forced the surviving assassins to kneel before this ghastly personage and kiss its decaying hands in token of submission. Inez and Pedro now lie buried in a splendidly carved tomb in the vast abbey of Alcobaça—not side by side, as the usual custom is, but foot to foot, " so that on the Resurrection Morn the eyes of the

reviving monarch may first alight on the figure of the murdered spouse he loved so well".

There is little to be said of Pedro's successor, Fernando I, save that with his death in Lisbon in 1383 the legitimate Burgundian line came to an end. With this fact arose a serious problem affecting the future of the throne. An interregnum, during which the King of Castile renewed his ancient claim to the regal power in Portugal, supervened; but opposition developed in the person of the "Master of Aviz", a bastard son of the late king who had become head of the Christian order of the Knights of Christ at Thomàr, and who was destined to keep the Burgundian monarchs on the throne.

With this man, later King John I, and sometimes called "the Great", begins the second chapter in the Burgundian dynasty. He was, as stated above, the illegitimate son of Pedro the Cruel, but as so often happens in the annals of this imperfect world, his bar sinister brought into the family escutcheon something of virtue which it had previously lacked. The ancient line was actually enriched thereby and was given a new lease of life by virtue of which it managed to hold the Portuguese throne for two centuries more.

The new claimant to the throne mustered an army and marched forth to oppose the advance of the King of Spain, who had already entered the country and was concentrating his strength. John encountered him on the knife-edged ridge of Aljubarrota, a few miles from Alcobaça, and after a furious engagement encompassed the decisive defeat of the invaders in August, 1385. He was promptly pro-

claimed king, and during the next half-century did much to put Portugal on the road to a greater glory than it had ever enjoyed before. In this task he appears to have been ably assisted by a forceful queen, an Englishwoman, Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt. This energetic lady's temper is said to have been none of the best, but her occasional asperities did not greatly disturb her august spouse, and her fidelity as a wife and mother mightily augmented the effectiveness of his reign.

It is claimed, and with very good reason, that it is probably to Queen Philippa's taste, and certainly to her imported architects and workmen from England, that we owe the most splendid of Portugal's architectural monuments—the famous abbey at Batalha, which John I built as a thank-offering for his victory at Aljubarrota not far away. In a stately chapel adjoining the abbey repose the bodies of the king and queen, surrounded by the tombs of their numerous and able family, of whom more in a moment. As for the great achievements of the reign, in addition to its internal improvements to solidify the kingdom, one must note the capture of Ceuta (just opposite Gibraltar on the African shore) from the Moors.

John's eldest son, Duarte (Edward), succeeded his father, but reigned a scant five years. He lies buried with his queen, Elenora, in a beautifully sculptured tomb just in front of the high altar of Batalha. His four brothers congregate in family glory around the central shrine of their parents in the Founder's Chapel mentioned above—perhaps the most splendid mortuary chamber in all Christendom. These include

Pedro, who never reigned save as regent for his nephew, Affonso V, during the latter's minority; Henriques (Henry the Navigator), who, though never king, probably did more than a dozen other sovereigns by his promotion of explorations to enhance the glory of his country; Fernando, sometimes called the *Infante Santo*, who became illustrious because he withstood every effort to cause the cession of Ceuta to the Moors and remained their prisoner in consequence through six weary years; and John, of whose career there seems to be little to say.

So much for the family which grew up around John the Great and Philippa of Lancaster. To their time and to that of their son Duarte belong the first efforts to probe the mysteries of unknown oceans, an enterprise which so fired the imagination or Prince Henry that as Grand Master of the Knights of Christ he paved the way for the exploits of Diaz, Cabral and Vasco da Gama.

Duarte's son, Affonso V, saw the first fruits of this venture in the discovery of Madeira, the Azores, the Rio de Ouro, and much territory in West Africa—not to mention the capture of Tangier, which later kings found to be other than a blessing. The business of prying into distant geographical secrets naturally obtained a fresh impetus from the amazing revelations of Columbus, who sailed under the flag of nearby Spain, and thus lent wings to rival feet. John II, succeeding Affonso, saw his great admiral, Bartholomew Diaz, sail to Cabo Tormentoso—shortly after named, for better omen, the Cape of Good Hope—only to be turned back there by adverse winds. But it was left for his cousin (since

John left no heir), known to history as Manuel I, or "the Fortunate", to consummate the enterprise in his eventful reign from 1495 to 1521, by the successful voyages of Vasco da Gama to India and those of Pedro Alvares Cabral to Brazil.

Manuel the Lucky left his mark likewise on the architecture of his day in a florid style of ornamentation not unlike the plateresque of Spain, which is known still as "Manueline". A man of devout nature, he erected at Belem, on the spot whence Vasco set sail for his Indian journey, the huge monastery of St. Jeronimo, and did much to increase the splendours of numerous other shrines, including the monastic establishment on the heights above Cintra, where he spent watchful hours gazing forth across the sea in hope of descrying Vasco's returning ship. It was the Golden Age at last, and as glorious as it was brief. Decline came swift and soon.

John III did nothing to enhance the glory, though he ruled for the space of a generation. Sebastian, a grandson, who came to power in 1557 and who saw the rise to productive power of Luis de Camoëns, the epic poet who sang the exploits of da Gama in the *Lusiad*, undertook a rash expedition against the Moors in the neighbourhood of Tangier and met a mysterious fate in battle, whether death or capture was never known. From his disappearance in 1578 dates an inglorious epoch in Portuguese annals, during which, after a futile interregnum in which an uncle (Henry the Cardinal) figures, the Portuguese throne passed over to the kings of Spain. What had eluded the Spanish grasp in the days of John the Great at Aljubarrota now came without much effort

into the hands of Philip II (1580) and remained safely Spanish through the times of Philip III and Philip IV. For rising sixty years there was, in fact, no Portugal as an independent kingdom; and as of yore the land passed as only an outlying province of Castile, until oppression from outside became so intolerable that once again the people rose and, under able leadership, wrested their territory from the iron grip of their traditional foes.

Following a successful rebellion of *os Restoradores* in 1640, whereby the kingdom of Portugal was once more freed from Spanish domination, the crown was bestowed by popular acclaim on the Duke of Braganza, who had led in the movement. He assumed the title of John IV. It can hardly be claimed that the line of Braganza monarchs whom he thus headed equalled in fame that of the ancient Burgundians, who, with the assistance of an occasional cousin and at least one illegitimate scion, had governed the land during the four centuries and a half prior to its reversion to Spanish control. Under the Braganza line the monarchical institution went in the next two hundred and fifty years from bad to worse, as the result of regal extravagance and improvidence, until the inevitable happened in the violent change to republican institutions within very recent times.

The succession of kings since 1640 may be briefly dismissed. John IV died in 1656, after an uneventful rule of sixteen years, and was succeeded in due course by his older son, Affonso VI. The new ruler, however, was not permitted to enjoy for very long the regal power. His sway was disputed by

his more vigorous brother, Pedro, who succeeded in deposing him and confining him in prison, first in the Azores and later in the upper room of the old Moorish palace in the heart of the present town of Cintra, where the room in which he was immured is still to be seen. An opening in the wall permitted the ex-king to see and hear the celebration of Mass, and he dragged out a miserable existence for several years until his death—which came with suspicious suddenness at the last, and led to the natural belief that Pedro had wearied of his lenity and had poisoned him.

Pedro II retained his sovereignty to his death in 1706, and passed on the royal power in orderly succession to his son, John V, of whom the visitor will hear a great deal as "João Quint", from the antiques merchants of Lisbon. John V, while a reckless spendthrift, did one notable thing for his country. He induced Thomas Chippendale, the famous British cabinet-maker, to come to Portugal and serve for some two years as official maker of furniture to the Court. Chippendale's models are still very generally copied, and as even the modern Portuguese craftsman does the bulk of his work by hand, the effect on domestic furnishings is still notable, both as a matter of design and as a matter of thorough excellence.

John's protracted expectation of the arrival of a son and heir was rewarded at length by the birth of a male child, to whom was given the name of Josè; and so enchanted was the king at this event that he embarked on an enterprise of celebration which flowered forth in the vast but gloomy palace of

Mafra on the bare uplands some twenty-five miles north of Cintra—a palace which is said to have cost nearly $20,000,000. Portugal's financial ruin was hastened by this injudicious expenditure; and the palace itself, which without much reason has been widely regarded as a feeble copy of the Spanish Escorial, is at present one of the most melancholy national monuments which Portugal has to show. It is used, as are so many others of its kind, for the purposes of a barrack.

Josè came to the throne in 1750, and was vouchsafed a quarter-century or more of reign, the chief event in which was the terrible earthquake of November, 1755, by which most of Lisbon was destroyed. It is roughly estimated that 30,000 people lost their lives in this appalling catastrophe—one of the worst of its kind within human annals—which to this day probably makes the word "earthquake" the first instinctive connotation when the name of Lisbon is mentioned.

With the demise of Josè and the accession of his daughter, Maria I, came a momentous period, 1808–9, in which Portugal made common cause with England and Spain in resisting the efforts of Napoleon to make himself master of the world. Disputing the effort of the French emperor to dominate the entire peninsula, Portugal bore her part in what has come to be known as the Peninsula War, and suffered at least one terrible reverse in the loss of Oporto. Fortunately, alike for Portugal and others, there came to her assistance the great genius of a British soldier, Arthur Wellesley, later to be known as the Duke of Wellington, under whose generalship a

series of victorious battles occurred, ranging from the initial success on the heights behind Bussaco to the decisive engagements before the fortifications of Torres Vedras, by virtue of which the Napoleonic menace passed away.

The next notable name is that of Pedro IV, better known to Americans as Dom Pedro I of Brazil, and as the father of that second Dom Pedro, who visited the United States at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876. Pedro I was born in 1798 at Queluz, near Lisbon, but as a child was taken to Brazil, to which colony the Portuguese royal family had been removed in 1808 for greater safety during the French invasion. He remained there during the earlier years of his life, and in 1821 was made regent of that country. A year later, thanks to disaffection with the motherland, Brazil revolted against Portugal and declared her independence. Pedro shrewdly sided with the Brazilians and was, in consequence, accepted as their emperor. On the death of his father (who had been reigning at home as John VI) Dom Pedro at first refused the throne, and for a space permitted Portugal to be governed by his daughter, Maria da Gloria, as his regent there.

This family arrangement, however, proved unsatisfactory to Brazil, since the people dreaded a reversion to Portuguese domination. In consequence Pedro in 1831 abdicated his Brazilian titles, returning to Lisbon, where, after waging a civil war against his brother Miguel, he became king as Pedro IV. He is still commemorated by stately public squares in both Lisbon and Oporto, although

of actual reign over Portugal there was practically none. He died in Lisbon in 1834, shortly after the completion of the war which had ousted Miguel from the country, and was again succeeded by his daughter, Maria da Gloria, the former regent.

Maria II, as she is now officially designated, continued in power to the time of her death in 1853, after which, and during the minority of her two sons, the affairs of the kingdom were managed by her widowed husband, the Prince-Consort, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, a brother of Prince Albert of England. Ferdinand later solaced himself for the loss of his queen by marrying a handsome opera-singer, with whom he spent his declining years at the castle of Pena, on the heights above Cintra—a castle which still bears the evidence of Ferdinand's Germanizing hand, somewhat to the disadvantage of its beauty.

The two sons of this royal pair followed in succession. Pedro V, the elder, was of few years and full of trouble, but must have been rather a good sort. He died of yellow fever, contracted while succouring stricken people during a visitation of that plague. His brother Luis fared better, reigning from 1861 to 1889, but the annals of the time are barren. A word may be said, however, about his queen, the "Maria Pia", of whom the visitor will hear much while in Cintra. Maria was a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and apparently was a woman of fine character, who devoted herself to charitable works and attempted little or no influence on governmental affairs. It was her hard fate to live on as a dowager-queen, residing chiefly at the

Moorish palace in Cintra, only to see the assassination of her son, King Carlos, in 1908, at which time that ill-starred monarch and his handsome elder son, Philip, were done to death by revolutionary bravos.

The monarchy was waning fast, though it had not come to its end. At the murder of Carlos his second son, Manuel II, became king, but for little more than the day. Within two years revolution broke out afresh and the king fled for his life. So did his mother, the queen-dowager Marie Amelia, doomed to a long exile in other lands. So did poor old Maria Pia, the grandmother, who sought refuge with her family in Italy and who died there in 1911.

The annals of the Portuguese republic, which supervened in 1910, are too recent to admit of much comment beyond the fact that in the process of settling down to republican forms of government the Portuguese people reveal the usual propensity to make party politics the occasion for too frequent revolutionary outbursts. There have been several such, some of them violent and some bloodless, and the curious trend manifested in many countries since the close of the Great War toward one-man rule under the forceful supervision of some strong-handed leader has by no means passed Portugal by. Of the future it would be too rash to speak—and fortunately it is beyond the necessities of the present moment. What is intended here is merely a cursory outline of the country's career, so that the traveller may the better understand the monuments of its past which he is certain to see as he proceeds.

So much for the history of Portugal, which it is well for the chance visitor to know at least well enough to enjoy a bowing acquaintance with the more notable names associated with the surviving monuments he is destined to see. It should be added that since the time of the Peninsula War the economic connection between Portugal and Great Britain has been intimate. British influence has sufficed at various critical times to insure the continued independence of the Portuguese Government, although one is told now and again that this benefit has not been without its price. Very possibly the price, if there is one, is well worth the paying, even though some assert that the relationship is not altogether unlike that of mortgagor and mortgagee. Portugal at least has had nothing to fear from outside. Her perils are purely from within and are based on a natural unfamiliarity with the republican form of government to which, without much training, she is turning a prentice hand.

In the Great War Portugal aligned herself (in 1916) on the side of the Allies. It was in a sense little more than a gesture, but a most creditable one. Her military forces added but little weight, but they took part in more than one memorable engagement. Nor was it a gesture which cost nothing, for Portugal got little from the war but an increased debt and the consciousness of having been on the right side. The feeling sometimes expressed by the Portuguese that this engagement in a burdensome business was England's doing seems unjustified. It is improbable that England was at all anxious to have Portugal

come in, save as a matter of moral effect, or that any pressure was required to lead the Portuguese republic to add its meagre weight to the scale. But it was done, and a country already burdened with debts is burdened yet more.

Meantime it would be folly to deny that there is a current of political unrest, and one is always being told that another revolution is at any moment possible enough. One is usually told also that the next one, if it comes, will probably be of the bloodless kind now so familiar through recent examples in Italy and Spain. A Mussolini or a Primo de Rivera might not be altogether a bad thing for the Portuguese, if thereby a breathing space were secured under some competent, if strong-handed, administrator with both an honest purpose and a measure of ability to set things on a firm basis.

CHAPTER III

LISBON

DAWN of the eighth day out from Boston found the *Giuseppe Verdi* pointing for the mouth of the Tagus. The bold headland of Cabo da Roca lay not far off on the port side, and Cintra's mountain was just off the bow. The wind blew briskly from the south, with a hint of rain.

Soon after breakfast the ship was well within the lower reaches of the river—here very broad because of shallow bays—and kept steadily eastward to the point where it was feasible to turn and cross the bar. Thereafter the shore narrowed upon the stream, so that for several miles one travelled up what was manifestly a river—a very grand river, perhaps two miles wide—with low green hills on either hand, the summits of which bore long rows of white windmills. Behind the nearer hills to the left ran the diminishing range which culminates near the coast in that imposing peak familiar to mariners ancient and modern as Lisbon's distinguishing outpost. Here and there a white village close to the shore gave evidence of suburban resorts —Cascaës and the trinity of Estorils. Lisbon itself, vaguely visible ahead as a smudge of smoke, was hardly as yet a reality. At last, however,

we passed the strange tower of Belem and neared a spot where anchored vessels became increasingly more numerous by sea, while clustered buildings ashore began to crowd themselves into the semblance of a city. The river suddenly broadened again, with wide bays opening to the north and east. There lay Lisbon glistening in the morning sun—a glory destined to be all too brief.

It may be that you, as I have done, conceive Lisbon as looking westward on the broad Atlantic. It does nothing of the kind. Lying perhaps twenty miles up the Tagus and facing almost due south, Lisbon sees nothing of the ocean, but looks across the swift current of the majestic river to a mainland of low hills. In the immediate foreground is a busy harbour, or rather roadstead, where vessels of larger size must anchor well out from the shore. The tiny craft of the Portuguese Navy huddle around the Government docks. Fishing vessels and cargo-boats of modest size line the long stone quays of the water-front. There is something strongly reminiscent of Constantinople and the Bosphorus in the city and its situation, save that, of course, there are no mosques with pencil-pointed minarets. The Tagus, moreover, is at this point noticeably wider than the straits leading to the Black Sea. Nevertheless if you have ever been in Stamboul you will find yourself repeatedly reminded of it as you look down on the rushing current of the Tagus, note the large craft swinging at their cables in midstream, and observe the busy ferryboats as they churn their way across, while the foam of their

wake goes careering madly sidewise down the river and toward the sea.

It was nearly ten o'clock in the forenoon when the *Giuseppe* finally anchored opposite the city, and the transient visitors who were to have no more than four hours on shore were promptly hustled into the tender which came puffing alongside. Those of us who were to leave permanently had to await mysterious formalities of port doctors, passport inspectors, and so on—an affair which seemed prodigiously delayed. I later discovered that for this there was a reason—to wit, the numerous port officials who had the technicalities in charge fully appreciated the steamer's cuisine, and were minded to extend their labours afloat until after lunch, which they succeeded in doing. The transient visitors returned, and good-byes were exchanged all over again. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon before it was announced that all was finished and we might depart in such peace as a half-gale from the south and a bobbing tender would permit.

The south wind is not the ideal one for landing in Lisbon. It blows almost directly up the river and is the most notorious rain-bringer in those parts. It is well to seek such shelter as an open deck with only a narrow bridge above it allows as a protection against flying spray. Fortunately the ride is short —possibly a quarter-mile—to the stone jetty where stands the Custom House. Distinctly it is like Constantinople, even to the weather.

I still feel a glow of gratitude to J., who came out to meet us on board, and who now undertook our

chaperonage through the customs. It is always well in such cases to be under the wing of someone who can speak the local speech and who knows the local habits. There had grown in me a sickening fear that the various tit-bits we had salvaged from surplus steamer-baskets to regale J.'s children might turn out to be highly dutiable contraband —and I still suspect that this was true. However, as Huckleberry Finn remarked of Mis' Watson's prayers in the closet, "nothin' come of it". We were ultimately passed by the officials, and Portugal opened hospitably before us under a sky which now wept in deadly earnest.

Young Mr. Mendez, a fellow-passenger who had been courteously tutoring me for six days past in the use of certain fundamental Portuguese nouns —verbs always come later, if at all—had led me to believe that Lisbon was fairly alive with taxicabs —this on hearsay only, for when he left home five months before there had not been such a thing in the place. It turned out he was right, if you went to the right place to find them. There were none at the dock save some venerable motors of dubious powers driven by men with whom bargaining might have been as difficult as settling the French war debt if it had not been for the useful and experienced J., plus a courier from the Avenida Palace, who had come out to shepherd expected guests, and who could speak English if you didn't talk too fast and stuck to words of one syllable. Among us all the complex business of getting up town was ultimately accomplished.

Lisbon did not seem especially prepossessing as

we jolted along the dripping pavements, but no one expects too much of a street along the waterfront anywhere. The fact is that Lisbon at this point needs a bit of perspective. Seen from the ship it revealed itself as charming, and a little later the charm reappeared. Lisbon is one of those towns where, if you arrive by sea, you drive right up to the front door, as a visitor should. If you come by rail, as is the case with nearly every other town, you dodge in by back ways—in Lisbon's case through a tunnel which curiously enough lands you, not in the cellar, but in a third story, from which you must descend in an elevator to the street.

The Avenida Palace, somewhat in need of renovation, but surprisingly good for all that, immediately adjoins the central railway station hard by the Rocio Square and just at the foot of the city's most splendid boulevard, or Avenida, from which the hotel takes its unimaginative name. It may be added while the topic is before us that it is by no means the only eligible hotel in town, although generally spoken of as the best, and certainly the most conveniently placed. It has, what is all too seldom true of Portuguese hotels, comfortable public rooms in which to sit, a pleasant dining-room, part of which gives on the Avenida, and a very competent string orchestra which plays in the evening. The servants speak Portuguese, and in some cases French, but English is hardly to be mentioned in the equipment of anyone on the staff save that of the hall porter. One may as well face the fact at once that the Portuguese speak Portuguese and regard that as amply sufficient

—very much as probably you feel about English, so why cavil? I began to be very grateful to young Mr. Mendez and his nouns.

Lisbon being the principal city of the republic, its capital, the site of most of its recent revolutions, and the only point in Portugal in which the earnest Thos. Cook & Son maintain one of their outposts, it is well to make it a headquarters for as long a time as you feel you can afford—a week or ten days must probably suffice for most. To be sure, there are not so many "lions" as tourists look for in most European capitals. There is very little on which a conscientious man like the late Mr. Baedeker would bestow laudatory asterisks. Nevertheless, Lisbon is a very fine city and a very pleasant one. Noisy, to be sure, especially by night. It is exceedingly so in the neighbourhood of the Avenida Palace, because of the constant procession of traffic converging from every side on the Rocio and because of the railroad station immediately behind the hotel. But it is a jocund sort of noise, which after a few days you will either not greatly notice or will learn positively to enjoy.

In my own case I rather like a big city with comparatively few things that I feel I must go forth to see—museums, churches, and so forth. One has a sense of leisure in which to "poke around", which many of us secretly believe to be the best thing one does while travelling in strange lands. Lisbon has her museums, to be sure, and presumably you will pay duty visits to them. You will end by surrendering to other charms, abstract rather than concrete, but not the less real on that account.

You will walk miles through her narrow streets, over her seven hills, along that water-front you held in such low esteem when you first set foot on shore—and you will find it all growing on you as a composite delight which will remain with you in retrospect long after you have come away.

The very first thing to do is to get acquainted with the town, and that cannot be done in a taxi. It must be done afoot, map in hand, without any officious guide. One needs some landmarks, and in the case of Lisbon they are easy to find. Moreover, they are easy to keep in sight. A city that is set on seven hills cannot be hid. If you are in the central valley and lift up your eyes you will probably be able to locate something familiar on the heights above to orient you. If you are on the summits and have spread before you the four corners of the earth, you will most certainly see something even more familiar below.

Fortunately there is in Lisbon a natural main axis. The city may, as they say, have seven hills, but for the purposes of the ordinary observer there are only two main divisions which count—the eastern chain of eminences, on and under which lies the older portion of the town, and the western, which is the more modern section with the more eligible residences and which is crowned splendidly by the great bulk of the Estrella church, of which more will be said in the proper place. Between the two main masses of hills there intervenes a well-defined valley sloping upward from the river in a northerly direction, its lower reaches filled with busy parallel streets, and its higher stretches occupied by the

splendid triple boulevard, the Avenida da Liberdade. This is our axis, our main landmark.

Let us take as the centre of all things Lisboan the Rocio Square—of course, the name is accented as no American would naturally do it, on the "i" —which lies almost at the very doors of the Avenida Palace Hotel and the Central railroad station. This is the civic centre, by common consent. It is where the cabmen most do congregate. Bounded on four sides by handsome streets, it is open in its centre, where stands a monument to Dom Pedro IV, flanked by two fountains. Few ever speak of it as Dom Pedro Square, however; it is always "the Rocio". The open area is paved in the curious Portuguese way, with which one becomes so familiar —black-and-white pebbles set in a curious snake-like design which, according to local tradition, you will find confusing to your sense of balance. You probably will not, really. Further local tradition holds that Jack ashore always names it Roly-Poly Square, which may be true.

The Rocio is a very fine plaza indeed, thronged all day and half the night by a variegated traffic. No doubt the nature of its activities changes with the sort of season, time of year. But it is a perfectly safe assumption that hosts of young men will be having their shoes polished; that hawkers of lottery-tickets and post-cards will besiege the passer-by; that the favourite outdoor sport of the Portuguese, which is having a picture taken by wayside cameramen, will be in full swing; and that the traffic policemen at the congested corners will be seen revelling in their brief authority, wielding a wicked sceptre

THE PRAÇA DOM PEDRO IV, OR ROCIO, LISBON

in control of the hooting streams of motors, clanging trolleys, and slowly creaking carts.

From the Rocio three important parallel thoroughfares run straight to the river front. Of these the central street, Rua Augusta, is marked at the lower end by a great arch which tries hard to be imposing and only measurably succeeds. The other two streets, respectively Rua Aurea and Rua Prata (Gold and Silver), will probably become the more familiar—especially the Aurea, because it boasts so many banks and is the street in which Cook's is located.

Beyond the arch and on the verges of the Tagus is another and even more impressive square, officially the Praça do Commerçio, but more familiarly known as "Black Horse Square" from the great equestrian statue of King José I. Few appear to mention José now. His birth was responsible for building the gloomy palace at Mafra, which possibly you will visit later in disregard of what I propose to say about it; and his reign, when he became king, was notable chiefly for the occurrence of that terrible earthquake in 1755 which prostrated practically the whole city of Lisbon and cost upward of thirty thousand lives. The present city is less a memorial to him, however, than to the famous and far-sighted Prime Minister of that day—Senhor Pombal—to whose planning we owe much of what lies before us as, from Black Horse Square, we look northward through the handsome streets toward the Rocio and the Avenida, which last prolongs our main axial highway to the summit of the ridge behind the town. Appropriately enough, Pombal

is commemorated by the *praça* at the northerly extremity of the Avenida.

His rebuilding of the ruined city did not pass unchallenged, by the way. People regarded such streets as the Aurea as much too wide, little dreaming that within a century and a half, thanks to the motor, those same highways would be found so intolerably narrow as to necessitate resort to the one-way system of traffic so bothersome to newcomers in town. Not that the old-time inhabitants entirely escaped the difficulty, to be sure. There used to be, and I believe there still is at least one instance surviving, stone tablets let into the walls of narrow streets in the older part of Lisbon bearing the king's command that in event of sedan chairs or coaches meeting at points too narrow to admit of their passage, the one coming from a given direction should be the one to retire. Failing such provision, or failing a propensity to respect it when made, there were likely to be swords drawn and blood spilled. It hath been so since the days of Œdipus.

The Praça do Commerçio has been greatly overpraised, no doubt, by those who affect to see in it Europe's most splendid square. It is, however, a very satisfying thing, spacious, well proportioned and hemmed in by handsome arcaded buildings which house various public offices and the Bourse. On the river side it lies open to the stream and to the vista of rolling hills which far across the swelling flood stand dressed in living green.

Between these two great squares and lining the three streets above spoken of are many of the best

shops, so that the half-mile or so thus occupied may easily come to be the part of Lisbon one knows best through repeated visitation. It must be said, however, that the upper end of our axial thoroughfare is the handsomest—the Avenida, with its treble roadway, its rows of trees, its fine buildings and its incidental water—for there is a stream of sorts flowing down a shady channel on the westerly side which adds appreciably to the charm. The spacious plaza at the foot of this boulevard commemorates the Restoradores—the revolutionary band who in 1640 wrested the kingdom from the Spanish and made it once more an independent monarchy with John of Braganza on the throne, after eighty years of subjection to the overbearing tyranny of the Philips. Their deed is attested by a rather tasteless monument, and one prefers to regard the whole Avenida da Liberdade as the true memorial.

So much for the central portion of the city. One faces more difficulty in describing those hilly sections which lie on either hand, in part because they offer so little that one may lay hold of. They are not squared off, checkerboard-wise, after the manner of modern city-planners—but, of course, every sensible person is glad of that. A city, to be fascinating, must be crooked of street and very far from level. It makes it vastly more difficult for those ungifted with the sense of direction to find their way about, but a crooked and hilly city is much more fun. Lisbon is among the world's best in that regard. She has few distinguished buildings to show, but she has the most extraordinary system of internal transport imaginable. Her tram-lines

run everywhere, around the most amazing corners and up the most impossible hills. When tram-lines fail, titanic out-of-door elevators succeed. As you stroll through the Rua Aurea you are aware of a huge steel structure towering straight into the air about one block to your westward. It is ugly, of course, but extremely useful. If you seek out its foot and buy a ticket for some ridiculously trivial price you will be ushered into a commodious car which, in a few minutes, will ascend and allow you to walk across a brief viaduct to a part of the city some two hundred feet above the one you were in a moment before. Of course, there are other ways of getting there, but they are roundabout and tedious by contrast.

Not far from the upper end of this vertical tram-line is the ruined church of Carmo, whose Gothic remnant, still charming to see, looks down from its site on the edge of a precipice on lower Lisbon. It is another tacit testimony to the power of the earthquake, but enough is left to impress you with a sense of uncommon architectural beauty. Also there is enough still standing to house an archæological museum, which has its claim to interest—even though you may vote, with me, that the best part of it all is the roofless and grassy court, which was once the nave of the old church, but which is now only the prelude to the museum proper. To my shame the one part of the collection housed there which I have distinctly in memory relates to a pair of mummified human beings, sadly distorted, from South America. The exhibits are not especially well displayed, and they are rather

sketchily catalogued; but the ruin of the Carmo is so delightfully lovely in itself that it would be a great mistake not to visit it, whatever you may conclude to do about Lisbon's gallery of pictures, which there seem to be few to praise and very few to love.

On the abrupt slope of this western hill as it rises from the lower town are perhaps the finest shopping streets of all—the Rua Garrett and the Carmo—which can be reached easily on foot within a few minutes' walk of the Aurea. These really belong more to the lower town than to the upper, and are so thoroughly sophisticated that one needs say little about them in a work like this. One doesn't travel three thousand miles merely to see handsome stores recalling Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix, of which Lisbon has an abundance. The quest of the unspoiled will lead us higher on the hill, passing from the Carmo church by devious windings to a district where every third shop is devoted to antiquities in the form of dull-coloured brocades out of forgotten churches, ancient woodwork, time-stained linen of extraordinary beauty, and carved images from a remote bygone day, as well as the traditional array of Chippendale furniture, by which Portugal comes quite honestly because Chippendale was for a year or two Court cabinet-maker to John V.

The dealer in antiques is canny wherever found, and those of Lisbon are no exception in that. Their great peculiarity seems to be a sublime indifference whether they ever sell anything or not. You will sometimes enter such a shop and walk all around

it, fingering this and that, and never evoke a sign of interest on the part of the proprietor, who evidently assumes that if you really want anything you will ask him about it. Salesmanship has very obviously not figured in the education of these antiquaries. It cannot be said, however, that they reveal any ignorance of values. They know what things are worth and are likely to stick to their prices. The genuineness of the treasures is quite generally obvious. Of course, one may not always be quite sure that what is announced as be fourteenth century is not fifteenth—but who really cares, at that distance? The great fear is that as Portugal becomes known as a mine of antiques, and as collectors drift thither in greater numbers than at present, the pleasant security of amateur buyers will be weakened. At this writing Portugal is not tourist-ridden, and is thus far uninfected by the microbe which rusts and corrupts the profession of the antiquarian, to the detriment of his scruples.

In this hill district, immediately overlooking the lower town, is also the church of St. Roque—well worth visiting, with an eye on the clock, because Portuguese churches have a habit of closing rather early in the afternoon. It isn't that the church proper is especially rewarding, for it is not—aside from two side chapels which merit a word. One of these is as fine a structure in lapis lazuli as you can well imagine. Standing at the left of the high altar as you face the latter, this bedizened chapel of St. John was at the outset one of the poorest endowed in the country. Its current magnificence dates

from the time of the prodigal John V, who was struck by the poverty of this shrine dedicated to his patron saint, and who set out to convert it into the richest ecclesiastical monument in the land. He succeeded, and to-day, although largely despoiled of its treasures, which can be seen in all their magnificence in the little treasury adjoining St. Roque, this side-chapel remains a curious mixture of garishness and good taste.

The treasury should not be overlooked. It is entered from the other side of the church, near the front, and one usually has to ask to see it. The possessions, I understand, come exclusively from this one chapel dedicated to St. John, and if so they certainly give one a fair idea of John V's lavishness. On the expulsion of the Jesuits, this collection became a State affair, and it is no exaggeration to say that it rivals the famous ecclesiastical treasury of the cathedral at Toledo, which is so much better known. There are all sorts of things —frontals, monstrances, reliquaries, crosses, banners, altar furniture, candelabra, a solid silver altar-front, and some candlesticks of silver-gilt fully ten feet tall. Not all are in impeccable taste, of course, but the effect of this collection of churchly furnishings and jewelled vestments is stupendously imposing.

One other feature of the church of St. Roque needs to be cited—a feature which too many appear to overlook. It is the unusual upright tomb of Sir Francis Tregian, an Englishman who fled his native land in the spacious days of great Elizabeth in fear of persecution for his fidelity to

the Pope. The epitaph may be freely translated thus: "Here, bolt upright (*em pe*) stands the corpse of Dom Francisco Tregian, a most illustrious Englishman, who, when his estates had been confiscated, and after he had himself suffered great misery through twenty-eight years in prison for his defence of the Catholic Faith in England through the persecutions of Queen Elizabeth (*da Rainha Isabel*), died on December 25, 1608, in this city of Lisbon, widely known for his sanctity. After he had lain entombed for seventeen years in this Jesuit church of St. Roque, his body was found intact and uncorrupted, and was placed in this position by the English Catholics resident in Lisbon, April 25, 1626."

Possibly it may not seem an entirely restful attitude—to stand for centuries *em pe* awaiting the last trump—and yet there is something satisfying in the thought of this intrepid Cornish gentleman who defied the might of his testy sovereign at the penalty of losing all he possessed, and who ended his troubled days in a remote country for his conscience' sake. Are there other standing corpses? Certainly not many. One hopes that Sir Francis is still *corpo inteiro e incorrupto.* But at least we are spared the glass-front sepulchre, of which one is destined to find an occasional example in Portugal, and must take Sir Francis on faith.

It is bound to seem rather a welcome relief to emerge from St. Roque and take up again the exploration in open air of this lofty section of Lisbon. On this side of the city, rather than on

the other, are the most open squares which add so much to the charm, and especially the great botanical garden adjacent to the Polytechnical school, which is claimed to be one of the finest anywhere in Europe. There is another, and much smaller, specimen nearer the edge of the hill which looks down upon the region of the Avenida, accessible from below by funicular and affording a very satisfactory view. But if views are what you crave, the best of all may be had on a reasonably clear day from the toilsome summit of the Estrella—more technically known as the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—on the loftiest of all the summits in this system of western hills.

The alluring square opposite the church—it is a deeply shaded bower of greenery—is the avowed goal of two sets of tram-lines from below, one running north and one west. The better method of approach, however, is, as always, the local taxi, which is not unduly expensive and which traverses a complicated array of hilly streets you would otherwise never see.

The Estrella is a vast structure, rather imposing from without and rather stupid from within, save for its massiveness, its magnitude, and the loftiness of its open dome. No one will be greatly entranced by it at first sight. So, at least, we found it on that cloudy morning of our first approach. It was not the best of days for a view, but as the books all agreed that an ascent was on no account to be omitted we sought out the sacristan and inquired as to the chances of going aloft. He was discouraging. He gave a précis of the difficulties—the number of steps, the darkness, the gale at the top, the

limited vision owing to adjacent mists. Very evidently the trip was no treat to him, and his forecast of the ensuing fee was apparently unflattering to my generosity. However, he did get the key, and admitted us to the tower up which wound the stairs to the balcony and thence led to the further flight ascending to the roof of the building. There remained the spiral climb between the inner and outer walls of the dome above—the most disquieting part of the journey to me—and the final scramble up a nearly vertical ladder to the narrow platform of the cupola at which Katrina balked.

I can imagine the outlook from this loftiest of Lisbon's eminences to be of superlative grandeur in proper conditions. One may look forth in every direction across the tumultuous roofs of the city toward the river, the distant hills, the mountains of Cintra and the sea. Nevertheless, one does need the right day for it. With a thirty-mile gale blowing, that perch on a narrow ribbon of platform at what seems the top of the world is not too inviting, and one is restricted to the sides, which are better sheltered from the wind. If you visit the dome of the Estrella, select your weather!

It is quite another matter when it comes to visiting the English cemetery, which lies in a side street not far away, adjacent to the little English church. Of course, you will wish to go there, if for no other reason than to visit the grave of Henry Fielding. The author of *Tom Jones* died in Lisbon in 1754, having gone there in search of health, and was given sepulture in one of the most beautiful

cemeteries I have ever seen. Nor is his the only tomb which will hold your interest. I recall one of unusual pathos which holds the remains of the bride of a week, who died apparently on what was intended to be an ideal wedding journey, and who now rests for ever in a secluded garden in which the crowding trees make one almost oblivious of the graves beneath them.

We went thither from the Estrella, and the contrast was marked. A wall shut out the city, and within all was peace and quiet. The Judas-trees had shed their purple blossoms under the wind and rain, making a colourful carpet for the quiet paths. A momentary gleam of sunshine threw alternate brightness and shadow across the clustered marbles. A bird twittered. There was a fragrance of box, ilex, and myrtle. There is no more charming spot in all Lisbon than this.

There are livelier, of course. The liveliest of all, and in its way the most rewarding, is the general market, where Lisbon's housewives or their servants buy the family's food. Of such markets there are several scattered about the town, but the most varied and the largest as well is that which lies at the edge of the river. If you walk westward along the water-front thoroughfare, from the Praça do Commerçio, guided by the procession of women bearing flat baskets full of fish and vegetables on their heads, you will come eventually to a point where the buildings on the river-hand cease abruptly, and there supervenes an open space filled by low sheds with corrugated-iron roofs. The environment is ugly. Just behind lies an unattractive

railway station, the Caës de Sodré, which is the terminal for the light railway leading along the "riviera" to the Estorils and Cascaës. But immediately at hand are the market booths, crowded of a forenoon with eager bargainers, and filled with every variety of food. There is another and more pretentiously housed market just across the street and close under the abruptly rising hill, but you will probably find the major satisfaction in the low and dingy sheds. Surely there never were such quantities of fish before—or such extraordinary fish. Never were there so many green peas assembled at any one time. There is everything. There are oddly-shaped baskets; there are dishes and tinware; above all, there are flowers of a brightness which lends just the right note of colour.

But it isn't merely the merchandise that attracts. The busy throng is an essential part of it—men and women, but mostly women. The costumes are not as a rule noteworthy save in the matter of headgear, which is likely to include a brilliant handkerchief and some sort of flat, round hat suitable for carrying a basket above it. Bare feet are common, for in the fish-market especially the floor is wet; and anon it rains again so that little rivulets descend from holes in the corrugated iron to deluge the unwary below. You will be tempted to buy a basket —a flat one which would be so useful in your garden at home—but then, you reflect, it would be terribly difficult to get it shipped, and you cannot possibly carry it unless you are embarking straight for America from Lisbon. Nothing is more difficult than to find a Portuguese shipper who will consent

THE PORT OF LISBON

to crate anything for you. So you will probably do as we did—walk up and down the long aisles of this open-air mart coveting everything and being therewith well content.

Not many yards away on one side of a busy square you may, if in need thereof, find foreign tobacco—mainly English, but possibly some American—at a shop which, I believe, calls itself English. You can also find on the appropriate day of the week at least one copy of the *Saturday Evening Post,* retailing at a price which would make more pretentious publications green with envy. Reading-matter is not too easy to come by in Lisbon—at least in English. I could not cavil at a five-cent magazine selling at eight escudos (about forty cents).

Hard by the Rocio there is another market, much more dressy than the one by the river and vaguely recalling "les Halles" of Paris, but it is far less interesting than the one down by the Tagus, where all the wares are spread in heaps on the floor. Its great merit is its accessibility for such as find the walk too far to the other one or the drive too long. It has to be admitted that Lisbon is rather a fatiguing city to explore—it is all ups and downs, all twists and turns. But for the reasonably able-bodied it has its lure and for almost any ramble there is great reward.

It is peculiarly so when you seek out a path in the opposite quarter of the town to that I have been describing, and ascend the eastern chain of hills on which the city stands. It is nearly as precipitous in its rise as the western—but not quite.

There is no abruptly ascending funicular. You climb by spiral streets. On the main summit is the fortress of St. George, affording a fine view over Lisbon, but doubtless no finer than that from the Estrella in the opposite direction. Lower down the hill, but visible over intervening roofs, is the city's most interesting church—the old cathedral, known, as most cathedrals in Portugal are, briefly as "el Sè.". Its age is manifest, and enough of it survived the catastrophe of 1755 to give a very fair idea of the ancient appearance of this shrine, which marks the spot on which the cross was first set up by Affonso Henriques when, in 1147, he ousted the Mohammedans and destroyed the mosque which they had maintained on this site.

El Sè is a grim old twelfth-century church with sturdy square towers flanking a great round-arched central door. You will probably enter, however, on the north side, down some steps from the pavement, and will find yourself in an impressive nave which has gained in majesty of recent years through the efforts of restorers to tear down the gewgaws with which the execrable modern taste of Portuguese devotees had marred the original simplicity. The impetus toward this great improvement—it is by no means confined to Lisbon—is said to have come mostly from the late queen; and despite the revulsion against monarchy, the work appears still to be in progress, so that with the lapse of a few more years not only el Sè, but its environs as well, may finally recover from their present state, which varies from over-adornment inside the church to

a state of utter dilapidation in the ruined cloisters just behind the main building.

The earthquake of 1755, which ruined so much else, seems to have been slightly less severe in this quarter of the town. Nevertheless, it did a great amount of damage to the little enclosure adjoining el Sè, and the cloisters, with their half-fallen arcades, show this more clearly than does the church itself. Yet the cloister is a pleasant spot—a sadly-neglected garden, surrounded by an arcade in which lie no less neglected old tombs and some dismantled altars. The gear of the restorers lies all about, but the work seems to be at a standstill for the moment, presumably because the times are too uncertain and the country too poor to be doing very much in this line.

In the main building of the cathedral one has a first hint of the curious ceramic decoration, destined to become very familiar, in which pictorial tiles in Delft-blue are employed to relate some Biblical or secular story. In this case the tale is of St. Vincent, the patron of Portugal, and his guardian ravens. St. Vincent's bones were discovered by the industrious Affonso Henriques, and brought to their final resting-place here in el Sè. The ship which bore the saintly relics to Lisbon was attended by the faithful ravens, which had been keeping watch and ward over the original sepulchre in a more southerly part of Portugal during the stressful period of Moorish occupation, and the story is that some of these birds are in consequence maintained by the local chapter. I cannot recall that I saw any, but this by no means disproves the tale.

The armorial bearings of Lisbon, by the way, are emblazoned with a ship and ravens.

At least two royal tombs are here—those of Affonso IV and his queen. But for more abundant kingly dust it is necessary to seek out—if you care enough about such matters—the church of St. Vincent da Fora ("outside") higher up in this same general district, where for a great many years the royal family of Braganza sought to create a Portuguese Valhalla. Those interred there include all the Braganzas save two—Maria, buried in the Estrella, and Affonso IV, who sleeps in the monastery at Belem. The others are at St. Vincent and, if I am not mistaken, include the bodies of the murdered King Carlos and his son, Luis Felipe. The tombs, however, can scarcely be said to compare favourably with those which one will presently see elsewhere in Portugal—at Coimbra, for example, or at Batalha, where they are unquestionably best of all. To most, the glass-topped coffins are a shock.

One turns from a description of a city like this with a sense of discouragement, conscious that description is a practical impossibility. There is so little in a town like Lisbon that you can really lay hold on. There is, to be candid about it, so very little to see—and at the same time so very much. If one had a Parthenon to deal with, or a Forum, or a St. Peter's, or a Prado—but of such things Lisbon has naught to reveal. One must fall back on the fact that her appeal is really composite. The Lisbon that attracts is a *tout ensemble*. Her features do not analyse well, but when viewed together they make a surprisingly perfect whole. Lisbon is

a large city—rising 500,000 in population. It is an old city, an historic city, a city wonderfully placed. And yet it is possibly the most elusive city on earth for those who essay an account of it like the present one. The temptation is to say that there is not one building of the first class, either for beauty or for interest, to serve as a peg on which to hang one's narrative—and then one suddenly remembers Belem.

But Belem must have a chapter of its own.

CHAPTER IV

ENVIRONS OF LISBON: BELEM, CINTRA, ETC.

ON the way up the river from the sea we had been aware of the tower of Belem, standing isolated on what seemed to be the left bank of the stream, and what indeed really does amount to that now, although formerly, I imagine, it was an island. It is not a very imposing tower, but what it lacks in height it makes up in Manueline decoration. Seen afar from the water it is naturally less impressive than when seen from the shore.

Just what its original use was intended to be seems doubtful. It is scarcely a lighthouse, and yet it is a landmark. It is somewhat handicapped as a spectacle by the proximity of an old yellow fort, now used as a prison, and by the presence hard by on the shore of various factories with chimneys and the inevitable *usine à gas*, which Europe, quite unabashed, almost always permits to flourish in the most sightly spot obtainable. It suffices, nevertheless, to memorialize a very momentous event—the landing at this point of the triumphant Vasco da Gama after his venturesome expedition to India in 1498. Tradition says that Manuel the Fortunate greeted him here with transports of

THE TOWER OF BELEM

kingly delight, and that then and there he vowed to erect on that very spot a commemorative monastery sacred to St. Jeronimo. He was as good as his word.

The name Belem is soberly claimed to be a corruption of "Bethlehem", but as it is pronounced trippingly on the modern tongue of Lisbon there is nothing to suggest this. Owing to the impurity of Portuguese vowels and the fact that the sounds of both "m" and "n" are often confused, Belem comes from the mouth of the native with a sound not unlike "B'line"—as if a cockney were making casual reference to a once-famous American statesman-politician. There is echoing in my memory a couplet, quoted either by George Borrow or by James Howell—I cannot overtake this quotation now to verify it—which the name of the place always suggests to me, and which ran:

> El Rey venou; el Rey venou,
> E en Belem desembarcou.
>
> The King arrived, the King arrived,
> And disembarked at Belem.

Just which king, and when, I do not remember; but like so many utterly inconsequential bits, this one has persisted in my mind for years, and it was the first thing I thought of when first this squat stone tower swam into my ken—if a tower may be said to do such a thing. In any event it was the spot at which Vasco disembarked, and it was also the spot from which, three years previously, he had set out with so much hope and so little idea of what he was actually to do. The explorer spent his

last night ashore in a sailor's resort which stood very nearly on the present site of St. Jeronimo.

Belem may be reached by trolley cars, but as the distance is considerable, and as progress by the tram-lines is sure to be rather slow, it is wiser to hire a taxi and retain it for the space of the hour or two required to examine Belem thoroughly. Your driver, if he is competent, will see that you miss nothing, and will halt first of all no doubt at the Museum of Royal Coaches, which lies a few hundred yards east of Belem proper. This is fully worth your while. It is an assemblage of regal vehicles which has only one or two compeers in the world—old State ceremonial coaches of the most sumptuous description, bedizened in gold and rich brocades, with mammoth wheels and incredible lanterns. Without attempting an exact description, I should say there were nearly forty of these State carriages, and some of them may be identified as having borne precious freight on extra-special occasions. Riding in them over such pavements as they had two or three centuries ago cannot have been undiluted pleasure; but royalty must have made an uncommonly brave show as it jolted through the ancient streets in these circus chariots—for that is what such an aggregation of gilded coaches suggests. There is also the vague feeling that you have strayed into an old-time fire-engine house, amazingly equipped with hose-wagons. Portugal was always a little country, but while the royal families ruled over it they saw carefully to all the trappings. The kings of Portugal put on just as much style as anyone, and their equipage on State occasions

THE CLOISTERS

THE TOMB OF VASCO DA GAMA

THE MONASTERY OF ST. JERONIMO, BELEM

was nothing to blush for, provided the king could dismiss from the back of his head a guilty feeling that the revenues of his loyal subjects scarcely sufficed to justify all this lavishness.

Such pompous things have vanished from the country's life for ever and ever. None the less, there is an apparent pride in what used to be, which leads to the exhibition of these monuments to a bygone magnificence and to a quaint sort of satisfaction in contemplating past wastes of money, such as, in this modern day, would easily furnish forth a dozen revolutions.

Not far to the west along the highway, which here begins to lose its excessively urban look and to boast the character of an outlying boulevard, stands the gorgeously Manueline building of the votive monastery, begun in 1500 by the grateful king. This is really what one "comes out for to see", and it richly merits all the praise which visitors have bestowed on it. This curiously over-elaborate style, which bears the name of Manuel and which runs a close parallel with the plateresque architecture of the same period in Spain, may seem to you at first sight too involved and over-burdened; indeed that is almost sure to be your initial reaction to it, because recent critical preachments have made us all a bit ashamed if we find ourselves admiring something that is not classically severe and simple. The second and almost as inevitable conclusion will be that (confound it!) the thing is incomparably splendid.

"Manueline" this monastery most certainly is—in the best sense. The passion for intricate decoration

in this general manner ran away with its devotees later on, but in this early sample the excesses did not develop the super-floridity to be seen elsewhere. Rather did the newly-born enthusiasm of the Portuguese architects, inspired by the happening of very great things in a world which had been but half-known before, seek to inject a note of joy into the chaste solemnities of Gothic and Renaissance building. There was naturally a nautical air about it. Manuel's favourite symbols were twisted cables, carved in stone, and the armillary sphere—that skeletonized astronomical globe, with its frame of concentric rings which one sees on so many old Portuguese buildings—these playing for this country a part somewhat similar to the yoke-and-arrows device of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain.

The church and monastery of St. Jeronimo run in a long line on the northerly side of the highway, parallel with the river, but at some distance inland from the stream, as you will discover when later you drive down for a closer view of the ancient tower. At first sight all you can take in is the doorway—perhaps the most gorgeously decked portal on earth. Later there will be time for a glance at the tall windows, but the south door of the building, giving almost immediately on the street, is so extremely splendid and so all-pervading that it monopolizes the scene. This is the principal entrance to the church proper, and its treatment is almost that of a stupendous outdoor altar-screen as it soars to the cornice, with its intricate traceries, its score of canopies containing saints, and its statue of the Virgin and Child immediately over the main

arch below. The windows flanking this amazing portal vie with it for magnificence, but the portal wins. It would not be difficult to award to the south door of this glorious Belem church the very first prize for excellence in the Manueline style, although when you turn the corner at the far end of the building and raise your eyes to the western portal there, you will be forced to admit that it runs a terribly close race with the southern.

It is well, I imagine, to become acquainted with the Manueline architecture here at Belem rather than to work down through examples of it from the north. The specimens of it which will be seen later —at Thomàr and most of all in the "unfinished chapels" of the abbey at Batalha—are much less satisfactory, just as Hellenistic sculptures are less satisfying than those of Praxiteles because ambitious artists overdid a very excellent thing and brought it into a lowered repute.

The western doorway is in its way as flamboyant as the other, but in this instance we find among the canopied figures the kneeling effigies of Manuel and his queen.

Within, the dim and empty church is of an arresting spaciousness, rather surprisingly unencumbered despite its broad extent. There is no commonplace arrangement of nave and aisles, no intrusive colonnade, but rather one great room in which six isolated and extremely slender columns rise to a height, accentuated by their very slimness, to support the roof. I say "isolated pillars" because they seem to bear no particular relation to one another, aside from being aligned, three on either side. The tops

of all six fan out in exquisite branches to meet and compose the intricate groinings of the marble ceiling. At the south end of the nave the choir loft is borne on a series of low-pointed Manueline arches. What look like a dozen Manueline doorways —leading nowhere, however—line the northerly wall; and at the east end, with the transepts, one finds the royal tombs, richly dight, under a magnificent ceiling and surrounded with all the Manueline trappings of sculptured cordage and cables.

Those buried here include Manuel himself and his son, John III, as respectively the beginner and finisher of the shrine; also, in a transept chapel, Vasco da Gama, who gave the monastery its excuse for being, and Camoëns, whose epic poem chanted the adventure so nobly. It is almost a pity that Prince Henry the Navigator is not buried here, too, for his was the inspiration behind Vasco; but he lies, as we shall see later, with his father's family in the Founder's Chapel at Batalha. For many the tomb which will prove most interesting of all is that of Catherine of Braganza, the ill-used spouse of Charles II of England and daughter of John IV of Portugal. She was wedded to the prodigal Stuart two years after his restoration to the British throne, and led a most unhappy life with him. Her condition improved appreciably after his death, for apparently the English people respected her for her equanimity under sore provocations; but she ended her days in her native country, where, owing to the infirmities of her brother, King Pedro, she served for a time as his regent, and revealed very considerable abilities.

The cloisters, which lie north of and behind the church, are close rivals of those at Batalha for architectural splendour, and represent the florid Manueline architecture at its best. The arches shielding the ambulatory are filled with the most graceful and intricate tracery—no two alike—and the inner walls are adorned with elaborately decorated doors. In Portuguese cloisters the chapter house almost invariably leads out of the enclosure, as here, but as there are no longer monks, and as the whole has become a State monument, the uses of this stately apartment have come to be nil. A tomb, much more imposing than there appears to be valid excuse for, stands in the midst of the room enshrining the remains of a modern Portuguese historian, Herculano.

For the rest, the buildings of this ancient monastic institution are turned to account as an orphanage which shelters from eight to twelve hundred boys. The vast open space within the cloister is their playground, and when we were there, in an interval between showers, there was in progress a lively game of that curious Portuguese "soccer" football which one sees played everywhere in the open. It afforded a curious and by no means unpleasant contrast with the dim silences of the old church.

It remains only to return to the car and be taken down to the river's edge, where stands the tower. The tower itself is of no special interest or beauty, save such as age and a curiously isolated position afford; but there is to be had a fascinating view of the Tagus and its remote opposite bank, with ships passing in the middle distance. In itself, no doubt,

the sturdy old tower remains precisely as Manuel and Vasco knew it. The river still flows as majestically toward the sea.

Westward beyond Belem, where the river shore increases in boldness as it nears the ocean, lie the pleasant environs of the " Riviera ", much affected now as a place of residence all the year, and notably popular as resorts in summer for sea bathing and golf. These are easily reached by the light railway —now being electrified—and include the pretty villages of Estoril, Mont' Estoril, and finally Cascaës, the terminus of the railway line and within easy motoring distance of Cintra.

Cintra, Lisbon's best-known suburb, is as different from Belem as can be. It lies much farther away—nearly twenty miles—and perches on the foothills of the lofty mountain which has for centuries been a famous landmark for Atlantic mariners. From it—that is, from the village proper—one sees nothing of Lisbon but everything of the ocean. Above the town towers the mountain summit, crowned with a veritable castle ; and on a jutting shoulder only a trifle lower than the summit may be seen running along in an undulating line the battlements of a fortress which once did duty for the invading Moors.

Everyone goes out to Cintra, even the cruising tourists who are in Lisbon only for the day. One is somewhat too easily seduced into motoring thither, which in the present low estate of the Portuguese highways is a mistake. It is really much better to go by train, and the service is frequent. We motored out, being over-persuaded by the hall porter at the Avenida, who represented it

THE MOORISH FORTRESS ABOVE CINTRA

as "a pity to miss Queluz", which we could easily turn aside to see if we hired a car. I cannot regard it as a very serious loss if one misses Queluz, however. A more melancholy and neglected imitation of Versailles and the palace at Fontainebleau would be hard to imagine. The vast open spaces of its parterre seemed sadly devoid of upkeep, and the tour which one makes perforce through the clammy and decaying rooms has a distinctly depressing effect. The name of the place, by the way, is locally pronounced like Kay-loosh. It was here that Dom Pedro, later revolutionary Emperor of Brazil and later still King of Portugal, was born.

We did not dally there very long, and the remainder of the road to Cintra, while it left nearly everything to be desired from the standpoint of comfortable riding, led through a country washed clean by recent rain and now bursting into the enthusiastic gaiety of early spring in a sub-tropical land. The prospect was pleasing on every hand, even before the chauffeur turned and waved a triumphant arm in the direction of the tall peak ahead, exclaiming "Cintra!" There was the Pena (or Penha) castle, familiar from a thousand photographs, crowning the height. The town itself lay unguessed in a folded ravine toward the foot of the mountain and looking westward toward the sea. It remained hidden until we had rounded a spur of the mountain and came abruptly upon it—a toy village nestling trustfully against the sharp upward slope of the hill. A deep cut in the rock intervened between us, around the end of which the road made shift to find its way.

There are several very tolerable inns at Cintra. Our choice had fallen on the Nuñes, kept by an obliging Spaniard with a stout and thoroughly good-natured wife. As in most Portuguese inns, the proprietor's family seemed to be extraordinarily numerous, embracing all manner of collateral branches and in-laws, whose muster at meal-times was impressive. The bedroom they showed us was clean, and from the balcony overhanging the ravine we could look straight up at the Moorish fortress, or far away over the Collares vineyards to the curving beach of Praia da Macas, where the long white breakers of the ocean pounded ceaselessly.

Our main concern of the moment lay with the Moorish palace in the heart of the village, just around the corner from the hotels and fronting a tiny square. We had seen it as we drove in, marked from afar by its huge twin bottle-chimneys. It proved to be a national monument, to which one might gain access for a trivial fee and through which one must be conducted by a guide.

Within, it reveals a curious stratification of historical epochs, varying all the way from the day of the Moorish invaders to the recent time of the still-remembered Maria Pia, who did much to renovate and make habitable this most fascinating of all royal residences. Outwardly it is a very Manueline building indeed, save for the survival of those vast bottle-shaped protuberances which roof the ancient kitchens and also serve as vents for the smoke. These are precisely as they were in Arab times, and the kitchen below them has been capable of continuous use for nearly a thousand

THE PALACE OF QUEEN MARIA PIA, CINTRA

years. Inwardly the whole building is Moorish, save that the old mosque is now a chapel—Moorish in its tiles, its patio, and especially in its bathing alcove abutting thereon—the latter a place of surprises, into which it is to be hoped the guide will not allure you before he turns a hidden valve and causes water to gush from a hundred unseen vents. It is very like that embarrassing garden path in Seville, which you may have seen, to your sorrow, and which presents very similar possibilities.

The palace itself is all up-and-down-stairs—a step or two at a time. It is rather dark and gloomy below, after the Moorish fashion of keeping out the heat of the sun; but it is infinitely beautiful throughout, and in a way is pleasantly un-Portuguese—for one does relish a bit of something that is not Manueline, after a little experience, and this seemingly exotic Arabic palace really does honestly belong here, after all. It is one of the few considerable monuments surviving from the protracted Moorish domination to be found in the land. The rest are fragments or imitations. This palace is the real thing, its Mohammedan character still unspoiled by the restorer's hand, although for hundreds of years it has served Christian masters and mistresses.

It would be unwise to attempt a guide-bookish catalogue of the rooms, yet one must name a few. For example, that altogether delightful Magpie Room, with its no less delightful human legend accounting for the decorations which give it the accustomed name. The story goes that the valiant John I, called the Great—who, as you may remember, won his crown on the hard-fought field of

Aljubarrota and who was destined to leave as his personal monument the wonderful abbey at Batalha —was one day caught by Queen Philippa in the act of kissing a pretty maid-in-waiting. John of Gaunt's daughter, being English, made few allowances for the ardent Latin temperament. She had a bitter tongue and scolded her amorous consort roundly for this lapse from the proprieties, to which tirade the bothered king could only babble in reply "*Por Bem!*"—as who should say, "I only did it by way of benevolence; evil to her who evil thinks!" It was a poor excuse, no doubt, but better than none. Indeed, the king appears to have brazened it out by adopting *Por Bem* permanently as his device; and when chattering maids of Philippa's retinue irritated him by their taunting whispers of his exculpatory remark, he rebuked them by causing the frieze of this State chamber to be decorated with painted representations of the magpie, each with the words *Por Bem* issuing from its beak.

Because the great Charles V of Spain gave to Manuel of Portugal (his brother-in-law) a pair of swans, which were long maintained in the patio of the palace, one of the other great Moorish rooms has been painted with representations of those graceful birds. Still another, with a lofty pointed roof, is adorned with pictures of stags, seventy-four of them, with escutcheons bearing the arms of the ancient Portuguese nobility. Interest centres in the fact that one family—the Tavora—had its escutcheon wiped out by the order of the city-planning Minister, Pombal, in the eighteenth cen-

tury—doubtless for cause enough, though one is not told what it was. The significant verses which run along the frieze read:

> Pois com esforcos e leaës
> Servicios foram ganados,
> Com estes e outros taës
> Devem ser conservados.

One with small Spanish and less Portuguese may fathom the meaning to be: "Since these high honours were gained by strong and loyal deeds, they must needs be retained by very similar virtues." Apparently the Tavora clan had omitted to live up to this reasonable sentiment and lost caste.

They show you a little balcony with stone benches ranged along its sheltered sides, where it is claimed King Sebastian sat with his Council in 1578 to decide on the expedition against Morocco which ended in disaster. No one knows what became of Sebastian. He vanished in the battle of Alcaçer-Kebir, and with him ended the direct male line of kings founded by the bastard of Aviz, John I, of *Por Bem* and Aljubarrota celebrity, some two hundred years before.

Likewise is shown a room which the guide calls "a prison". It is a low-ceiled apartment high in the palace; and as the attendants usually find it hard to communicate the story of it to their parties, it may as well be related here at some length. Affonso VI, reigning in 1667, proved to be a worthless and profligate young man from whom his brother, Pedro, had little difficulty in wresting both his crown and his wife. Affonso was thereafter

shut up in this room for twelve years, during which time his pacing of the floor sufficed to wear the groove one always expects to find in chambers with such a history. The marks of the window-bars may still be seen. A niche giving upon the chapel below was so arranged that Affonso could hear Mass celebrated ; and in this cell he is said to have died in 1683, with such suddenness that Pedro got the credit for poisoning him—perhaps quite unjustly.

This palace first became the favourite summer residence of the Christian kings under John I, but attained its greatest glory in Manuel the Lucky's piping time, when the country was stepping out so bravely as a pioneer explorer and when high adventure in distant lands inspired poets and courtiers. It was much affected also by still later rulers, and Maria Pia's name is mentioned more than once by the guides who show visitors about. To my thinking it is far finer and more interesting than the lofty Pena Castle on the heights above.

We secured a horse-carriage and drove up to the latter in the early afternoon. It is a steady climb, and while one can naturally do it more expeditiously in a motor, it is pleasanter to drive leisurely up with a pair of old-fashioned steeds through the dense grove of trees. The road soon leaves the high-walled villas with which wealthy families have dotted the hill-sides of Cintra and ascends in great spirals up the all but precipitous side of the mountain. Two-thirds of the way up, where a subordinate shoulder of the hill juts out toward the north in a sort of saddle, you come upon a rude stone gateway

—the entrance to that Moorish fortification so plainly seen from below. It is well worth your while to alight and be shown through at least a part of this ancient stronghold, walking part way along the crenellated walls which the Mohammedans once defended against the Christians, and inspecting the occasional bastions with which the angles are defended. The stone-work remains surprisingly perfect and the views down over the tree-tops to the undulating plains far below and to the blue ocean beyond are superb. As for the village of Cintra, it lies almost directly beneath your feet, and it seems incredible that horses and a comfortable carriage could have brought you thence.

The same guide will probably insist on accompanying you the rest of the way to Pena—or I suppose we should call it Penha, since it is originally the site of a wonder-working shrine of Nossa Senhora de Penha, or Our Lady of the Rock. There isn't much necessity for this guide's services, but he will come. In the remote time of Manuel I this summit bore only a Jeronimite prison, or penitentiary for monks in need of a stricter rule of conduct, and hither came often the sorely anxious monarch to spend long hours gazing forth over the shining distances of the sea in hope of seeing Vasco's returning sail. It was during these vigils that Manuel—always a promissory sort—vowed another building to the glory of St. Jeronimo if his admiral ever returned in triumph.

As at Belem, so here, Manuel was as good as his word. The result is the stupendous erection of stone which crowns the topmost crag and affords

what is perhaps the most familiar picture to those who have never seen anything else of Portugal. One making the laborious ascent in an ordinary carriage to-day will appreciate the magnitude of the task involved in bringing to this isolated height the masses of heavy material which went to the building of the monastery. It is as stout as a fortress, and its massive outer gate would be adequate to the Tower of London or the Bastille. A note of triumph is afforded by a bronze statue, which may be seen as one looks toward the Tagus, of a man seemingly approaching over the brow of the hill from the direction of the sea. Surely this must be Vasco da Gama himself, coming to report glorious news to the vigilant Manuel!

There are naturally incomparable views from the lofty platform, and those who are curious enough to do so may ascend to the cupola, where, however, the view can scarcely be much more extensive. But inside, the Pena castle is comparatively uninspiring, although there is a sort of intimate touch conferred by relics of the now departed royalty, who used to live here in summers before Carlos and his elder son were done to death by the mob. The long-time residence here of the Prince-Consort Ferdinand, blood-kin of England's Prince Albert, did much to Germanize and spoil the tastefulness of the building. Ferdinand, as elsewhere related, had married again in his declining years and lived at Pena with his opera-singing second wife, the Countess of Edla. Whether the curious admixture of Moorish and German architecture with the original Manueline is his taste or hers may be left to conjecture.

There is little hope of conveying by words the beauty of Cintra's situation, which must be seen to be comprehended. Hundreds have tried to express what they saw, and their meagre success is ample warrant for not trying again here. The place is a riotous garden of flowers and greenery spreading over the folding ravines of a very steep hill-side and overlooking a distant plain. The best possible thing to do is to secure horses again next day—or a motor, if you really must hurry—to drive westward to the ocean, visiting on the way Sir Frederick Cook's famous villa of Monserrate. The latter, lying a mile or two out of town, is open to visitors, who are asked only to leave a little money with the *portier* to be devoted to charity.

This villa, with its wide-spreading park of trees and flowers, was first planned and constructed by William Beckford, an eccentric and brilliant Englishman, author of *Vathek*, and the possessor of practically unlimited means, from whose lively account of his Portuguese experiences I may later quote occasional passages. It is now the winter residence of the Cook family, who retain Beckford's Moorish house and keep up the vast gardens about it in adequate fashion. A little girl from the *portier's* lodge shows you about the place—it must be admitted in rather a *blasé* fashion; but how can one live at the proper pitch all the time in the midst of such prodigal magnificence? My memory for details of vegetation is fallible, but there is no risk in mentioning daturas, magnolias, coleas, clematis, heliotrope, bougainvillea, and a variety of palms as among the delights of eye and nostril—

omitting the roses, of course, because those are the commonplaces of every Portuguese byway and one expects them in uttermost magnificence everywhere. There is a lusty brook with cascades in it to make a pleasant murmur as you descend the shaded paths. Altogether it recalls Kubla Khan's enchanted valley.

There remains the drive to the sea—a matter of six miles or so, downhill—passing the vinous village of Collares, where the best wines of southern Portugal are made, and arriving finally at Praia da Macas, with its splendid sandy beach, its prodigious surf, and some dejected-looking restaurants, which in the proper season are doubtless lively enough. Then if you are not too pressed there is a possible additional *giro* to Cabo da Roca, the noble headland which forms the westernmost point of continental Europe, but which you can see quite plainly without actually going out to it. If you think that view sufficient—as I regret now to say we did—you can clamber back into your victoria and jog comfortably home to luncheon, which is always, by the way, the best meal in the Portuguese hotels.

Senhor Gomez, landlord of the Nuñes, had expressed his readiness to drive us out to Mafra, which is the other notable excursion from Cintra. We went partly because everyone had said it was "a pity to miss Mafra", just as they had said of Queluz. I cannot very honestly recommend Mafra—at least, not until they improve the roads. I had imagined that I already knew where lay the very worst road in the world, but I was mistaken. The palm for utterly incomparable badness goes to

the highway leading out from Cintra, across a plain strongly reminiscent of the more bleak portions of Boeotia, to the isolated and uninspiring plateau where King John VI saw fit to waste some $20,000,000 of his people's money on the building of a prodigious palace. He did this because the advent of a son and heir, long prayed for, delighted his soul. That son, José, lived to become king and see Lisbon laid low by the worst earthquake ever recorded, but Mafra still stands, a huge and stupid pile of stone, a palace and a convent on either side of a mammoth central church—which latter is on the whole rather a fine church within, and which sufficed to inspire Queen Maria to copy it in constructing the Estrella in Lisbon.

A custodian, rather the worse for his indulgence in Collares, showed us all we would consent to allow him of the rooms once used by the royal family whenever, in unaccountable penitence, they saw fit to sojourn in this least alluring of all the royal palaces on earth. He also showed us a vast library which contained nothing very notable. Of it all, I think the church was easily best—and the park which led up to it. As usual, a part of the building is at present devoted to the uses of a barrack. We decided we had seen enough, and emerged.

Outside, prone beneath his doughty little car, we found Senhor Gomez, who laboured manfully to repair the damages done by our tempestuous voyage out. He operated to some purpose, because on the way home the machine surmounted impossible hills, hub-deep in mud, up which I had been sure we must walk. I offer this meed of praise to the

humble Citroën. It may not look like the Rolls-Royces, but it bids defiance to the smartest Detroiter of them all. It got us out to Mafra, which was much; it got us home again, which was more. And in each case it covered the twenty miles in a trifle more than an hour. Next day it got us to the Cintra station, and in another hour we were back on the familiar Rocio, where lottery tickets were still being hawked, photographs snapped, shoes polished, and traffic policemen tirelessly alert.

CHAPTER V

EVORA

FOR the ordinary purposes of travellers there is small need to deal in Portuguese currency of denominations below fifty centavos, which latter means about two cents and a half. Nevertheless there exist paper notes for ten and twenty centavos, and these insignificant fractional notes do play their part in dealing with matches, newspapers and other small wares. I forget what one pays for the Guia Official, *anglice* time-table, but it isn't much, and you surely need one. It is to be had of the dealer in tobacco and newspapers in the Central station at Lisbon. In theory it is newly issued every month, and at times of stress and change in the railroad world it is well to be up to date. Likewise, to make sure, you do not overlook cabalistic letters, signs and occasional sentences in small type with numerous abbreviations—as will presently appear. Such may affect you more seriously than their mild and inoffensive appearance would indicate.

There are three important railroad stations in Lisbon. The least of these is the shed-like structure on the Caës de Sodré (Sodré Quay) down by the open-air market, whence run the Riviera trains.

The most important and most impressive is the quasi-Moorish Rocio—or Central—terminal, hard by the Avenida Palace, whence depart the trains for the north and east to Seville, Salamanca, Madrid, Porto and Paris. Between, in degree of vital interest to the sightseer in Portugal, is the ferry just below "Black Horse Square," or Praça do Commerçio, to which it is necessary to repair if one would go out to Evora. I may add that one should do so. Evora is well worth your while, even if it entails a bit of trouble to get there and a certain degree of discomfort while you remain.

It is a sound idea to have someone—the concierge, perhaps—procure your tickets in advance, provided he can get them dated on the day you mean to go, and to see that they are of the *ida e volta* (going and returning) type, in case you plan a visit of only two or three days, which is usually the limit of their validity. This precaution I did not take, being a stranger in a strange land. The Guia announced clearly enough that the morning train for Evora would leave the Lisbon side (per ferryboat) at eight o'clock. The night porter at the Avenida remembered to call us at 6.45, but forgot all about ordering any breakfast. A venturesome taxi, abroad in deserted streets before most of its kind, whisked us down to the river in no time, and I joined the queue waiting to buy tickets, which even at this early hour extended well toward the entrance of the dingy shed doing duty as a shelter.

As always in such conditions, allow abundant time. The Portuguese have a passion for opening their ticket-office windows about fifteen minutes

before train-time, quite regardless of the volume of patronage. Fortunately the line melted before me with rapidity sufficient to insure our embarking in season, but it was a close call. I fancied myself not a little because my limited Portuguese sufficed to inquire if the round-trip ticket would be good to-morrow and was equal to comprehending the response, which was that it remained valid even up to the day after. Thus we went aboard while a lively wind, still from the south, rocked the steamer wildly and strained her cables. The rain, which had come in a deluge all night, had ceased, and a brilliant sun was gilding the rough waters of the Tagus, here very wide and filled with early traffic in the form of fishermen putting forth on their lawful occasions. We scorned the seclusion which the cabin granted, and braved the gale on the open deck aloft.

The sail across the river is all very well, given fair weather. The Tagus can be rather trying. In half an hour or so the boat finds calmer water in the long bay which extends to Barreiro, the terminus of the southern railroad system, and you may be sure the train will wait. It has to, or go empty. Of course, there was the usual panic due to the fact that the porter with our luggage went off by another gangplank and deposited the bags in the wrong train, but this trifling error was rectified before the hour of departure. One must be prepared for this and similar misunderstandings, solaced by the *meminisse juvabit* theory immortalized by Virgil.

Americans in Portugal usually travel first-class.

There is more comfort there, and generally also more room. However, we were not alone. In the compartment with us was a highly intelligent French engineer who spoke admirable English, and who was bound for an outlying town where a great radio installation was being erected. He had been in the war, was once wounded, had been captured by the Germans and sent to a prison camp on the Russian front, where he spent seven terrific months. All that was over now, and he seemed little the worse for his experiences. When he left with many bows it developed that the two remaining occupants of the compartment, although Portuguese, could likewise speak a bit of English and were going to Evora, too. They offered to see that we changed at junctions as we should, and even offered us part of their lunch—a tempting offer this, to those who were still breakfastless save for some diminutive oranges bought for a stupendous price of a wayside vendor. The Portuguese are the embodiment of kindly courtesy—so much was already beginning to be manifest.

Our new-found friends also bespoke the good offices of the conductor of the train. This functionary you ordinarily see but little of. He examines your ticket, bows himself out and appears no more. He does not, as a rule, even call the stations. You must keep an eye out for those yourself. But secure at last in the consciousness that we were watched and tended, I fell back for reading matter on the Guia Official and improved my Portuguese. How was I to know that *So.as.eff. Seg. Quart e Sext* appended to the schedule of the

rapid train we planned to take back to Lisbon next day meant anything in especial? Nevertheless it had an ominous look, even in this abbreviated form, and I began a thoughtful analysis of it. Could it mean, "This train will run only Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays?" I laid the problem before the courteous Portuguese, and he said that was precisely what it did mean. And to-morrow would be Tuesday!

There was a minimum of criticism, all things considered, from the family, although sore afflicted by this unforeseen calamity. The one alternative to an extra night in Evora was to take a night train back to Lisbon, and Katrina's dread of impending revolutions always takes on a deeper tinge after sunset. It was not helped by the direful predictions of our friend, who said revolution might come any day now, and that "Madame might assist". On the whole it seemed wisest to postpone final decision until we should know how much, or rather how little, the inn at Evora had to offer in the way of comfort. It was bound not to be anything palatial. The hope was it might prove endurable.

When one goes to Evora, trains must be changed at Casa Branca—which is, being interpreted, White House. There is apparently good reason for the name, since the only house visible from the station is of that distinctive hue. At this point the Lisbon train disappears for parts wholly unknown and, from the tourist point of view, unimportant as well. The branch-line train after a decent interval departs on its three-quarters of an hour run to Evora, at which point you will lose interest in it, although it

also proceeds to some mysterious farther point in some distant mountains.

Our chance companions were as good as their word. They saw us safely into the other train and as safely out on the platform at Evora—which name I should perhaps mention here is stressed on its initial syllable. They did more, for they and the conductor between them found us an energetic small boy to serve as courier *pro tem.* He provided us a carriage and himself mounted with the driver to escort us to the town, which is, according to custom, nearly a mile from the modern upstart called a railroad, on a hill which had been chosen by prehistoric man as a splendidly inaccessible place in which to live.

The town lay full in view, its white walls glistening in the noonday sun, while out of the huddle of roofs towered two brownish-grey churches of manifest antiquity and promise. The horses proceeded at a smart trot up the slope, past the inevitable plaza devoted to Mars and into the maze of narrow streets, onward and ever upward, jolting over the typical Portuguese pavement of small blocks of stone set in patterns of black and white. The looming churches vanished from view, and for a space we clattered through narrow highways, around corners, and always upward. Eventually we were disgorged at the one tiny local inn, which calls itself, classically, the Eborense.

I doubt that anyone can say when Evora first began to be. It was obviously a strategic point, and the earliest inhabitants of the region unquestionably turned it to account. Phœnician, Iberian,

Visigoth and Moor occupied it at the variously appropriate epochs—and the Romans most importantly of all. The understanding eye can doubtless detect evidences enough of the stratification left in the form of fragmentary buildings by each occupant, but the inept visitor will discover little beyond the outstanding evidences of the Roman period and a choice bit here and there surviving in some modern wall from the unmistakable hand of the Arabic invaders. Evora appears to be the oldest of the various names, as well as easily the easiest to say and the prettiest to hear, but there have been several other designations for it and even several variations of the name which have persisted. The Moors knew it as Yebora for something like four centuries. The Romans tried to force on it the cumbrous title of Liberalitas Julia—and happily failed. Under its walls—stretches of which remain—Sertorius maintained a successful rebellion in 80 B.C. against the imperial legionaries.

All that, however, relates to a misty past of which tangible relics remain in the aqueduct, a fountain, and the little "Temple of Diana" on one side of the cathedral square, of which more in a moment. What the modern visitor sees is mainly the Portuguese town recaptured from the Moors in 1165 by a pirate, or guerilla, warrior named Gerald, who appears to have obtained amnesty from the Portuguese king, Affonso Henriques, by presenting him with the town. From that day to this Evora has remained a southern outpost of the kingdom, of steadily dwindling importance as the more northerly cities of Lisbon and Porto grew in vigour. It is

still, however, of ecclesiastical prominence as the seat of an archbishop who figures among the three churchly potentates of the realm.

If you have ever been in Asolo you will be reminded of that Italian hill-town more than once as you walk Evora's arcaded main street or gaze out over the surrounding plain. But even in its present decay it is a bigger and a busier place than Asolo ever was, and there is still a very considerable amount of the old wealth remaining in the hands of the older families. The shops are in many cases surprisingly sophisticated. But the great charm is in the buildings, with their constant outcropping of ancient relics in the form of Roman columns, Moorish arches or other bits which have come down from ancient days by incorporation in structures of a much later date.

For example, the portals of the Hotel Eborense. If that humble inn lived up to its ancient entrance staircase leading through an outside arcade and through a bower of greenery, it would be nearly the best hotel in the world. But it doesn't do it; and while it would be unjust to call the Eborense the "World's Worst", it leaves so much to be desired that one cannot praise very many things beyond this imposing vestibule. It proved to be clean—the prime essential in a land where not every bedroom is immaculate—but in the matter of food it was a long way from the ideal. One expects primitiveness in Portuguese uplands, where tourists are few, but a proprietor with imagination and a real knowledge of the world could easily make the fascinations of the Eborense a most compelling allurement to

the travellers of his time, and Evora would be more sought out than it is. I should almost like to try it myself.

We made a humble lunch—but bread and wine, supplemented by a tolerable omelet, will be enough for any reasonable sightseer. Then the energetic boy appeared once more with his chariot, and we sallied forth to "overtake" the various lions of the place. If you go to Evora yourself I would forewarn you that a carriage is superfluous. The distances are not great, and it is much more fun to prowl around on foot, as we managed to do next day, after getting rid of that energetic boy. His one great service was getting us into a private house—much against our protestations—where we saw room after room indicative of decayed gentility and a secluded garden of undoubted charm. Of course, we felt like intruders, although no representative of the occupants came forth to say that we were such. Evidently this was the show place of the town, contemporaneously speaking, beside which Roman ruins and Moorish arcades should be accounted as nothing.

The most natural point of beginning for any sightseer must always be the cathedral—as usual called "el Sè"—because of its dominant position on the higher point of the hill behind the inn. It is a grim old church, vaguely recalling the description of Durham, "half church of God, half fortress 'gainst the Scot". Its grey-brown stones make a startling contrast with the surrounding whiteness of the town, and the contrast is carried out not altogether pleasantly within by picking out

the joints of the stones with lines of white on the mortar. The church is rather more satisfying from without, and especially from the front, where two sturdy towers, crowned by short cones—which are, by the way, not alike—stand on either side of a splendid Gothic porch adorned with archaic statues of the disciples. The effect is somewhat marred by the immediate contiguity of a much less impressive palace, occupied by the archbishop, and by the Library, which you will doubtless visit somewhat later.

The cathedral of Evora, like so many others in Portugal, is amazingly narrow for its length and height. It is divided into a nave and aisles, the roof being carried by clustered pillars and slightly pointed arches ; but the total width of the building at this point is less than fifty feet, which is smaller than the width of the nave alone in many other great churches of the type. It does give a certain intimacy of effect, however, and when one inspects the transepts, with their loftier arches and the lantern above the crossing, the impression of serene beauty mitigates the general austerity of the place in a way that is distinctly charming. I would especially emphasize the beauty of Gothic roofs as seen in Portugal, not only in Evora, but in half a dozen other famous cathedrals and abbeys. The fitting grace of the groinings, which no doubt the early builders derived from beholding trees, is almost everywhere remarkable.

We found it next to impossible to penetrate to the more secluded parts of el Sè. Indifference on the part of sacristans is a rare virtue, but it is

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA

THE CATHEDRAL

EVORA

to be found in full flower here. Curiously enough, one who usually resents the intrusiveness of such custodians, with their jangling keys, will probably begin to long for just a touch of it. There is a treasury of churchly plate, vestments and jewelled altar furnishings, but it will take a modern miracle to open it for you. We were always told that at some remote and inconvenient hour it could be seen, but when that hour arrived the gate was still obdurate. Finally, however, a reluctant attendant did smuggle us in and revealed a thing or two, including an ingenious wooden image of the Virgin which could be opened up; but the splendours of the treasury remained invisible, including a famed cross which is alleged to be adorned with eight hundred and forty diamonds and some six hundred other stones only less precious.

There is much charm likewise in the immediate environs of this aged church in the form of half-ruined cloisters and unsuspected little squares hard by, which you will have to seek out for yourself. The season will doubtless be one of flowers, and in almost any tiny court will reveal orange-trees, acacias or some flowering vine scrambling in luxuriant gaiety over the top of a wall. Almost any direction affords a new delight, architectural or horticultural. It is especially desirable to go to the northerly side of the cathedral and prowl in the secluded areas beside it there, because this gives you an unusually fine view of the central lantern, with its eight turrets and various mouldy buttresses, which convey an added idea of the great age and stern beauty of this venerable shrine.

It is all in such curious contrast with the old Roman temple hard by. Just why this has been ascribed to Diana as a protecting deity no one seems to know —but Diana will do as well as any other, no doubt. It is a fairly well-preserved building, all things considered—not so nearly perfect as the famous temple at Nîmes, but recalling it none the less. Corinthian columns supporting fragments of the cornice are still standing on three sides. As one partial to the Greek architecture, I can seldom wax lyrical over a Roman ruin, but this one is so fortunately placed that it possesses a charm all its own. It is not so much its perfections of art, but rather its subtle prompting to thoughts comparing the alterations of human religious faith that holds one in thrall. Here is the outworn shell of a creed no longer professed by anyone on earth. Close by is the shrine, already showing signs of decay, dedicated to a faith which abides, but which, it is easy to see, is far less vital to its devotees now than when the building was first reared. What will the New Zealander see when he comes on that future pilgrimage mentioned by Lord Macaulay ?

It required some trouble and much bell-pulling to secure admission to the archæological museum a few steps to the westward and down the hill from Diana's ruined temple ; and after we had managed it, the quest hardly justified the effort, because a recent earthquake had so unsettled the building as to lead to certain removals. It had also unsettled the custodian so that he could talk of nothing but seismology, in Portuguese far beyond our feeble ken. I recall some Roman and mediæval relics,

but only in a vague and general way which indicates a wandering interest. Nor do I recall much more distinctly what was shown in the Library adjacent to the cathedral, presided over by a dignified and courteous scholar, whose very presence conferred distinction, save rows on rows of venerable books housed behind gratings, and a museum of artistic fragments which included at least one painting ascribed to the great David—and by some acclaimed his masterpiece.

The real charm of Evora is—Evora. It is the *tout ensemble* rather than the detail that counts. This you perceive as you ramble about after disposing of the environment of the cathedral. For example, just down a flight of stone steps from the street on which stands the Hotel Eborense you come upon the ruined church of Nossa Senhora da Graça —Our Lady of Grace. Its façade is charming in a somewhat over-elaborated and perilously insecure way. Roofless, it none the less affords a charming contrast between the tawny stone and that incomparable blueness of sky which—when it is not raining —Portugal affords. There is a pleasant cloister adjoining, and what used to be a monastery now does duty as barracks. The Augustinian monks vanished long ago, but an inscription reminds the beholder that this once magnificent structure was built in the reign of John III, son of the Fortunate Manuel, and himself the finisher of the monastery at Belem. Perhaps the charm of the Graça lies in the fact that it has nothing Manueline about it. The fact is it is Italian—with just a *soupçon* of French influence perhaps—and as different from most Portuguese ruins as anything can be.

We were delighted as we walked along the shady streets—shaded by lofty walls only—by the curious costumes of the men. These are possibly to be seen elsewhere as well, but in Evora they are met everywhere. The great glory is the quaint peasant coat, made of sheepskin with the wool outside and cut very much as a swallow-tail evening coat is cut at home, but sleeveless. The split trousers are laced on the inside of the leg by cords or silver clasps. The wearer also boasts a sort of long Phrygian cap, the long end of which he can toss about and arrange to shade his face. I noted also that whiskers are held in the ancient esteem, for nowhere have I seen finer examples of Galways and Burnsides than in the streets between the Graça and the other great local church of San Francisco. To see them at their best go thither at the time of full market, for in the square close by the San Francisco there is an open-air mart which is at its very best in the early forenoon.

As for the great church of San Francisco, it is very nearly as fine as el Sè—in some respects finer. It is of much the same material, but the design is very different. Being a monastery church, it has no tower; but it is of huge bulk, and with its battlemented walls has even more the appearance of a fortress than has the cathedral on the hill above. It is fifteenth-century work, begun apparently by John II, father of Manuel, whose device of a pelican with its young appears in the ornamentation of the walls, along with the skeletonized sphere affected by Manuel; and, of course, there are the familiar twisted cables carved in stone. So here is the

Manueline touch again, but in a building which is for the most part Gothic. There are no aisles, and the majesty of the nave is not broken into by pillars, so that there is an effect of unusual spaciousness. The side chapels appear to be embedded in the walls, but this is due to the fact that the outer walls are double. It is said that the original church on this site, dating from 1224, collapsed because of the insecurity of its framework, and that a similar fate overtook the one which replaced it. Wherefore the architects devised a scheme of dual walls, equal in height and tied together by transverse partitions. It is a rather intricate arrangement which the beholder would hardly discover from any outward indication; but the effect is one of enormous stability, and thus far the fabric has weathered very successfully some four hundred years of storm and earthquake without visible effect.

Considered as a whole, the church of San Francisco will probably please even more than does el Sè. It enjoys also a unique claim to interest in the Chapel of Bones, a gruesome apartment entered from the south transept, the walls and ceiling of which are constructed of the bleached bones of thousands of human beings. It is not a cheery spot, and a verse reminds the beholder, quite needlessly, that as these bones are so shall he be. However, it is not a thing to miss, and the hotel waiters are sure to ask if you have seen it.

There remain the wandering streets of Evora in general, which well repay a ramble through them, eyes being kept constantly open for choice bits here and there. The main thoroughfare, with its heavily

arcaded sidewalks, has been mentioned casually before, but it should be added that it affords one of the principal charms. I can recommend a wayside shop where, after the burden and heat of the day, something in the way of a heartening liqueur can be procured for a pittance along with some curious but not unpalatable cakes. Indeed, in view of the probable coldness of early spring or late fall, such expedients are useful toward sundown to offset the fact that in rural inns *chauffage central* is unknown.

Of the ancient aqueduct one can see little without making a considerable pilgrimage outside, save that it comes to an end in a classic sort of fountain in one of the side streets, slightly resembling the Tower of the Winds in Athens, at the base of which at any time of day domestic water-carriers are to be found replenishing their casks. Of course, the women carry jars jauntily on their heads, and the art of balancing such burdens is as commonly possessed throughout Portugal as the gift of walking.

Next—and last—by no means miss the public gardens, and be sure you walk well into them instead of imagining that they end with the immediate environment of a gewgaw sort of half-ruined palace that stands in their midst. The fact is they run on and on, for half a mile or so, on what appears to be the interval between the inner wall of the ancient city and an outer curtain wall—possibly on the site of an ancient moat. The inner wall is bolstered at intervals by round towers much like those one sees at Avila, in Spain. Of this ancient defence one sees almost nothing from afar. It is

necessary to stroll in the deeply shaded lanes of this wandering public garden to find them, and the place itself is one of odorous shade, birds and bees.

Owing to the shortcomings of the Eborense it was voted that on the whole it seemed wisest to brave the revolutions and get back to Lisbon on the second night by the late train. I think Katrina was nerved to this decision by discovering that we should have as company a delegation of Cintra schoolboys, who had been on a holiday tour to Evora and who were going back that night. They had made the inn vocal, when not engaged in sight-seeing, pounding a hard-bitten old piano in the living-room and singing student songs. One or two could speak a little English and were extremely attractive children indeed. To be sure, one or two took more wine than they should at lunch, and spent the hot afternoon miserably reclining on the hotel sofa, but we all managed to embark in good order on the evening train. Assisted by the boys, we effected a change of cars in the pitch darkness of the station at Casa Branca, and for the next two hours all went as merrily as a marriage-bell—indeed, they went that way until we were within five or six miles of Lisbon ferry, at which point things began to happen which produced upon the face of Katrina that expression of "I-told-you-so" which doubtless on many an occasion mantled the countenance of Cassandra.

It wasn't a revolution—only a freight engine off the track ahead. Nevertheless it was an insuperable barrier to progress. The train stopped and remained silent in the midst of a vast and deserted

country under a full moon. After an hour or two, without anything being said, crowds of passengers began parading silently past our car, bearing their luggage. It seemed we were to alight and walk around the wreck. This we did—at about 1.30 a.m. I blessed that moon, which sailed so brilliantly aloft in a sky that had so lately wept.

It was a weird experience, made more so by the presence of a company of cadets and their officers. As we stood along the line under that gorgeous moon waiting for the promised train to come up from Lisbon and take us in, I felt that we were refugees in the Great War. But the relief train puffed along at last, and there was a great scramble for it—a good-natured one, though. I heard no complaint at any time. It seemed we were to regard it as an all-round lark. I can do with about one such a year.

We sailed across the river to Lisbon at exactly 3.30 a.m., and found our hotel taxi—patiently waiting there for us since 11.40. I trembled for the bill we should have to pay, but was glad none the less. It would have been an eerie walk, at that hour of the morning, in an unfamiliar town. It was pleasant to find our room waiting for us and to tumble into bed at exactly four o'clock.

So ended the day. I may never get back to Evora in a future year, but the memory of that night will remain with me, as you may say, for Evora and Evora—amen!

CHAPTER VI

LEIRIA, ALCOBAÇA AND BATALHA

INEXORABLE circumstance decreed that we leave Lisbon for Leiria on Easter Sunday by the morning train. There was no reason why, on thus taking the road after a protracted stay in Lisbon, I should be in such a blue funk, but I suppose it is always due in such cases to the fact that one is exchanging what has just become familiar for the new and untried.

For one thing, there had been the heavy luggage. It is so difficult to deal with such in a rural journey in Portugal that one does well to travel light ; and if one plans not to return to Lisbon at all, preferring to emerge from Portugal at the north and thence to journey down to Madrid, some way needs to be found for getting the trunks across country without going with them. It can be done, but with some little difficulty and much disquiet of mind. Thos. Cook's agent in Lisbon consented to oversee the operation—a complicated one, which involved the purchase of a third-class railroad ticket to Madrid and registering the faithful old steamer-trunk as train luggage for a passenger who did not really exist ; and, of course, that meant the mailing of the key to Cook's representative at the Spanish border,

who would attend the customs officers in their examination and see that the key was then dispatched to Thos. Cook's office in Madrid, where eventually (if all went well) we should be reunited to our belongings some three weeks later. It looked risky, of course, and the parting with that precious trunk involved a family conclave at the Rocio station quite as solemn as any funeral. It may be added, however, that in due season we did, beyond belief, actually overtake that trunk; and barring the fact that the lock had been broken, everything went well, without losses of any other kind.

The cloud arising out of this transaction, coupled with the natural tremors attending departure from an accustomed haunt for adventures in an unknown territory, sufficed to make me a rather gloomy person that April morning, I fear, despite the cordial reassurances of Mr. Alves, the Avenida's invaluable courier, who persisted in seeing us off, and in spite of my already acquired knowledge that the Portuguese people, to a man, woman and child, seemed ready to assist in every possible way to make the rough places plain.

The Fates were uncommonly kind in the matter of weather. Rain, which had poured with few cessations and brief during our stay in Lisbon, now gave place to the balmiest spring skies imaginable—a condition which obtained without interruption for the ensuing week, when we needed fine weather the most. Under the influence of a genial warmth, a beautiful country-side and the unexpected comfort of the first-class carriage, which we had

entirely to ourselves, dull care vanished and pleasure in the journey revived apace.

For the information of the untutored, let me say here that the railroad leading out of Lisbon divides immediately into two main stems. The principal one follows the Tagus northward and eastward through various junction points where diverge the lines into southern and central Spain. The other follows at a respectful distance the western coast of Portugal. In time the twain are united again at Affarellos; and from there on, through Coimbra, Porto and a dozen other places of smaller importance, there is but the single line to the north. In going to Leiria you take the westernmost division—a sort of back road on which the trains are exceedingly slow but very far from comfortless. For several miles the road is coincident with the line to Cintra; then it strikes off northward through a series of smiling valleys, where the smooth green hillocks on either hand reveal familiar chains of white windmills crowning their summits, their sails lazily turning in the morning breeze. One is struck by the well-wooded character of the country, with its groves of cork, oleander, eucalyptus, poplar, olive, and, toward the last of the journey, pine. The pine forests of the coastal region, said to have been originated by King Diniz ages ago to keep down the invading sands, must cover thousands of acres. Nearly every tree is tapped for its resin, as one sees it done in the Greek islands, but not for the same purpose, because I cannot discover that the Portuguese are ever guilty of resinated wine. Just what were the uses of this gum I could

not learn, but every tree had a gash cut in its side, and the exudations were being carefully caught in little vessels of native pottery suspended below, much as maple sap is gathered in Vermont.

We went through Mafra of unblessed memory; but of the huge palace, the building of which beggared the land, nothing was to be seen from the train. At every station we paused as a matter of course, and apparently traffic was brisk in the second- and third-class coaches, for the station platforms were regularly thronged by men and women arriving, departing or simply watching the train come in after the manner of bucolic populations the world over. Without exception each man carried a long wand—whether as alpenstock or ox-goad being difficult to determine. The costume of the peasantry lacked that distinction we had seen at Evora—perhaps because it was Sunday and Easter to boot. The train wore its way along through a slumbrous forenoon manifestly nearing the Atlantic. Then sand dunes began to appear, and with them the pines. Now and then one got a glimpse of blue water afar off.

There is a fair-sized railroad restaurant, gay with white walls and pictorial blue tiling, conveniently placed for the refection of voyagers at the town of Caldas da Rainha, where there still exists a considerable sanitorium, and I believe the tiles describe the events which led to its founding by Queen Leonora in 1485. But as we were due at Leiria at an hour consistent with the hope that its inn would consent to provide us, it seemed best to allow the restaurant to go unsampled. We also deliberately

elected not to alight at the station at Vallado, which is really the logical point from which to visit the fascinating monastery of Alcobaça, preferring to come back to the latter by motor from Leiria next day.

It is in order, however, to mention the possibility of doing all these things the other way about, in case one is pressed for time or objects to doubling on one's tracks. The strictly efficient traveller will no doubt arrange things through Cook in Lisbon so that on reaching Vallado a motor will be found waiting to convey him first to Alcobaça, and thence onward through Batalha to Leiria, either that same day or the next. There is an inn of sorts at Alcobaça, where, from subsequent casual inspection, I imagine one can be nearly as well served as at the one in Leiria. Neither resort can honestly be awarded any extravagant praise, and neither can be extravagantly condemned. "They'll do," as one may say. You really mustn't expect to find a Ritz everywhere you go, and if beds turn out to be comfortable, rooms clean and food reasonably eatable it is enough. In Portugal one is on the trail of the unspoiled, which usually means the unsophisticated and unimproved.

So we kept on to Leiria—the name of which one must, as usual, learn to pronounce with the accent on the second "i". The town was visible from afar, lying about the base of a rocky crag as imposing and as isolated as the Athenian Acropolis. We could see from the train that the height was occupied by a ruined castle. Below, in a broad curve, brawled the local river—spelled Liz, and locally called the Leesh.

Beautiful for situation as it is, and dominated by that wholly satisfying fortress on the heights, Leiria compelled our love before we had even descended from the train. The platform was a babel of confusion, but worming his way through it came the smallest hotel porter I have ever seen—a lad of perhaps sixteen summers, whose meagre inches were eked out by a prodigious peaked cap, on which appeared in bold letters "Grand Hotel Liz". Who could resist a name like that, reminiscent alike of a sainted aunt and of the family Ford? We surrendered without conditions to this worthy boy, and followed in the path which, by diligently employing the valises as a battering-ram, he opened up in the walled humanity of the station.

The town of Leiria is, as usual in Europe, about two miles from the railroad, and is reached by motor-omnibus over the second worst road in Portugal—for I am still true to the claim of Mafra. Despite the recent rains, it was deep in dust, and progress townward was slow, partly because of the holes in the highway and partly because at every few rods a halt had to be made to let someone on or off. The River Liz rushed past in its channel beside the road, pleasantly overarched by trees; and eventually a stone bridge got us across it and into the streets of the town, with the castle now directly overhead.

Leiria was manifestly *en fête*. The open square into which the omnibus conveyed us was thronged. Under the shade of leafy young trees a score of venders offered all manner of wares for sale. In the park beside the upper reaches of the river a

military band was braying. In other squares, leading out of the main one, were other booths. In short, it was the regular weekly market—always a fascinating thing in Leiria—magnified several diameters into the proportions of an Easter fair. It seemed that everyone had come into town from the country round about, and had every intention of making a day of it. In consequence we gave but a casual glance at the inn, sufficient to reveal that, in Katrina's tolerant phrase, it was "plenty good enough", and dallied but briefly with the inevitable omelet on which, failing all else, one may rely for midday sustenance. There was too much to see outside to warrant delay.

Hard by the hotel is a quaint old fountain ascribed to sixteenth-century workmanship, and here we found a constant activity. Women were coming and going in squads of half a dozen, bearing away their picturesque amphoras filled and dripping on their heads, always graceful in carriage and especially jaunty in the way in which the jars were borne when arriving empty. In that case the jar is never set upright but reposes in what looks like parlous insecurity on its side. In addition there was every sort of load going past the hotel door either on ox-carts or on female heads. Katrina counted, she says, a dozen hens, a cock and three rabbits in a single basket as airily worn as if it were a Leghorn hat; and in some other town one day I saw a woman walking along with a small coffin balanced on her tiny flat velvet head-covering—I trust a coffin as yet unoccupied.

The leafy square, with its multitudes of chafferers,

proved the superior magnet of the moment, although the pull of that amazing mediæval castle just overhead was strong. We wandered among the vendors, whose wares ranged from the rude but alluring native pottery to dried grain and all manner of cloths and garments. The bargaining everywhere was incessant but always dignified and without unseemly uproar. The costuming of the men was not so notable as it had been at Evora, but the women were a delight in their parti-coloured kerchiefs, hanging down the back of the head—jauntily worn under the quaint round velvet caps, which latter all affect—and in their voluminous blue skirts, often relieved at the lower hem with bands of red or other coloured cloth. When bearing burdens on the head the flat black hat is supplemented by a soft cushion suggesting a large woollen doughnut, also gaily coloured. A girdle admits of taking a reef in the skirt when on the march.

In the autumnal season, I suspect, owing to the presence then of more fruits and the seasonable products of the farm, this market-place would present an even pleasanter scene. It was spring, however, and the display was appropriate to that earlier time. The one jarring note was the occasional booth with its utterly tawdry imported tableware, domestic utensils and articles criminally supposed to be the last word in domestic ornament, which sorted oddly with the native picturesqueness. Where the trees failed to give shade enough, there were occasional huge umbrellas set in the pavement, almost like tents. And always, up and down, to and fro, hither and yon, strolled the populace,

making an efficient combination of business and holiday; while the band, keeping everlastingly at it, entertained such as lolled on benches in the park or sat on the stone rampart which lined the rippling river.

Leiria was enchanting—nothing less—and yet we had been worrying over it for weeks because some callous person unimpressed by the town had described Leiria as "rather a hole, but for a night or two you can easily stand it"! I am anxious not to mislead others, but I found in Leiria anything but a "hole"—and if the Grand Hotel Liz offers but chilly comfort and insufficient pillows, it is at all events a palace by contrast with at least one other I shall have to mention later on. Its proprietor (a newcomer to Leiria) spoke only Portuguese, and his chief clerk supplemented this by what shamelessly pretended to be French. Still, we managed to communicate our more important ideas and, as always, the earnest desire of the native to please eked out an otherwise inadequate equipment.

When the fair in the market-place had palled on us a trifle, and when we had bought as much peasant pottery as it seemed likely we could manage to carry by hand from Leiria to Paris, we succumbed to the lure of King Diniz's ruined château on the heights. It is an easy climb, provided you seek the right path. It is necessary first to ascend the gradual incline of the streets that pass in front of the cathedral—the latter not being particularly notable—then up a sharper grade past the isolated campanile with its clock, and thence ever upward until you reach a barrack-yard with soldiers idling

about. Then around behind some buildings on the northerly shoulder of the acropolis you will find a custodian, who will sell you a ticket of admission to the castle for some ridiculously low price. Thereafter you are your own master, and may wander about the ruin as you like, being mindful only to come down before sunset because they may see fit to close the gates. Besides, there are pitfalls for unwary feet in Gothic castles that date back to the thirteenth century and have only of late begun to be put into something like presentable condition—which, naturally, is very far from good and tenantable repair.

Of course, Diniz was not the first monarch to fortify this obvious site. So precipitous a crag, standing alone in a plain, must have invited use as a fortress ever since men first saw it—in fact, the Moors made it a peculiarly stout stronghold and gave the reconquering Christians a tussle on this very hill. But what you see to-day is really the work of King Diniz, the agriculturist—he of the slogan *Que fiz tanto Quiz* and of those mammoth pine orchards along the sea. One takes this to have been his favourite seat, and well it might be. The castle is in part a sort of cyclopean stonework, possibly much older than the rest, and in part an airy Gothic structure with pointed-arch windows, slender columns and the considerable remnant of a splendid castle. Towers and battlements along the outer walls give an impressive sense of strength for defence in time of need. Deep dungeons suggest the rude justice of the Middle Ages. There are few more satisfying old castles in the world than that

AN ANCIENT FOUNTAIN

THE CASTLE OF KING DINIZ FROM THE CLOISTERS OF NOSTRA SENHORA D'ASSUMPÇÃO

LEIRIA

of King Diniz at Leiria, whether seen from a distance or seen from its midst—and one of those others is also in Portugal, as we shall see.

It will be better still when the restorers finish with it and take down their scaffoldings. These at the moment impair the effect, but it is doing evil that good may come. Meanwhile one is glad that Diniz "quizzed to fiz" this particular work—speaking in his own idiom. The views are magnificent, of course, out over the roofs and belltowers of Leiria to the plains of the Liz and the undulating interior hills.

By sundown the crowd in the market-place began to depart, mainly to the outer country. Women who had been neatly shod all day removed their footgear and trudged barefoot in the dust, their long skirts caught up prudently at the waist. Their lords not infrequently rode atop the rude ox-carts with the pretzel wheels, so common in rural Portugal. The evening chill descended and penetrated even the Hotel Liz. Somewhere else I think I have mentioned the hot-water bottle as a desirable part of the traveller's equipment, but as the thought recurs to me in this connection I valiantly risk redundancy.

Thus it comes to pass that I have the most kindly memories of Leiria, a town which I had expected to loathe and which I was planning to use merely as a base for visiting the famous abbeys and monasteries of Batalha, Alcobaça and Thomàr. I came prepared to scoff and I would very gladly have remained to play. None the less, Leiria did serve as our base, as planned—in part, at least.

The proprietor of the Liz had a car, a venerable Overland of a vintage which I suspect was pre-war, which he was willing to rent to us for a day's journey at a price uncommonly reasonable. He vouched for the road between Leiria and Alcobaça as good. After council with his youthful driver he was unwilling to bestow quite so much praise on the route leading eastward to Thomàr, where there is another ancient abbey—in fact, all admitted that the road to Thomàr was about as bad as could be, although passable. We concluded to sample the good road first, and struck a bargain for the journey next day, weather permitting.

The distance to Alcobaça is roughly twenty miles—probably it is a trifle more. Distance, however, is only part of the problem. The Portuguese idea of a good road is not yours or mine. On the best of them in southern Portugal a speed covering seventeen actual miles in an hour is the utmost one may ask. This involves a considerable outlay of time in making the expedition to Alcobaça beyond what the distance alone would suggest; but I can vouch for the experience as delightful, and the monuments one goes to see, which are in themselves splendid, are supplemented in allurement by the fact that in going to them one traverses some highly historic ground.

We got away in good season, thanks to a canny pre-arrangement which named an hour much earlier than there was the slightest prospect of fulfilling as the one of intended departure. Learn this early when you go to Portugal, that time is not locally regarded as of any particular importance. If

you would leave at nine, stipulate for eight-thirty at the latest—and preferably make it eight.

For perhaps five miles a fairish gravel road led mainly upward out of the valley bowl in the midst of which lies Leiria; then, having attained the summit of a ridge, it descended gently to a second valley, in which, glowing ruddily in the forenoon sunshine, suddenly appeared the incredible magnificence of Portugal's Battle Abbey—Batalha—a Gothic cathedral of incomparable perfection, standing all but isolated and alone, and unfortunate only in that it is set at the bottom of a valley instead of atop a commanding hill. To pass it by was a struggle, but we had resolved to go on first to Alcobaça and to reserve Batalha for a king-delight in the late afternoon. The first view of it was enthralling, and presaged an infinite pleasure on the return.

A few miles farther along, the road ascended again and kept to the top of the famous Aljubarrota ridge, occupied for a small part of its extent by a modern village. The land slopes quite abruptly from the road to east and west. It was on the eastern slope of this long and narrow ridge that the bastard ruler, John the Great, defeated the Spanish invaders in 1385, thus securing his title to the throne and ensuring the continued independence of Portugal. One begins to have favourites among the Portuguese kings. Diniz, the farmer, one cannot help liking; and as for John I, with his valiant deeds, his English queen, his *Por Bem* and his amazing success in erecting a monument so stupendous as that at Batalha, he runs a

close race for popularity with Manuel the Fortunate and his wedding-cake churches scattered all over the land. Aljubarrota not only gave John his crown; it gave the world the majestic abbey which we had just left behind us—the votive offering to God from a grateful king.

At last the road dipped from the ridge toward a considerable town far seen in the valley below, out of which loomed the great grey bulk of the monastery of Alcobaça. The road here became unspeakably poor, with shell-holes suggestive of the Chemin des Dames. But the stout machine managed somehow to get us down in safety, and drew up with a flourish in front of the old Cistercian monastery, which, by the way, is another votive shrine erected to commemorate a Christian victory over the Moors at Santarem.

We found it facing a triangular *praça*, well shaded by acacias. Save for its massive greatness and a splendid Gothic western door, the monastery was rather disappointing, especially after that fleeting glimpse of Batalha. Nevertheless it was majestic in its bulk; and the seventeenth-century rebuilding in the uninspired style of the Spanish Philips had not completely effaced its original front, which stands commandingly raised above the level of the square on a vast platform of stone, where in prouder days the whole array of monks were often mustered to do honour to distinguished visitors. The members were a numerous host—something like nine hundred brethren—and among their duties is said to have been that of keeping religious ceremonies going, day and night, without rest.

THE ABBEY, BATALHA

A word as to the Cistercians may be in order. They were founded in 1698 at Cistercium, in France, near Dijon, and for a long time were an Order of the most portentous austerity in practice. By the time that they acquired the monastery at Alcobaça, however, the austerity seems to have relaxed, so wealth had accumulated among the priors and a scale of living had been adopted which sounds positively Gargantuan. One has to skim the pages of William Beckford—the eccentric "Vathek" who founded the Monserrate gardens at Cintra—to appreciate the magnificence with which the monks of Alcobaça in his day furnished their table when a notable guest appeared. Lord Strathmore, who visited the place in 1760 or thereabouts, also gives a very similar description. "Our rooms were extremely spacious," he records, "and were hung with crimson damask and gold, ye floor covered with Persian carpets and our beds in alcoves decked with broidered coverlids. . . . We then passed into the next room, where we found a large table groaning under a service of monstrous dishes." The fare did not please him, being too oily and too plentifully tinctured with garlic, but he describes it as extravagantly plentiful. As for Beckford, he draws somewhere a pitiful picture of the poorer brethren of Batalha, on the occasion when he went to visit them accompanied by the rich brethren from Alcobaça—the latter prudently bringing their wine and provisions with them. "Whilst our sumpter mules were unloading," he says, "and hams and pies and sausages were rolling out of plethoric hampers, I thought these poor monks

looked on rather enviously." There was evidently a vast difference between life at well-fed Alcobaça and life at the monastery of Batalha.

Of course, the monkish magnificence is all gone now, and if there are Cistercians left in the world no doubt they have reverted to the chaste abstinence demanded by their ancient rule. The monastery which they once made such a joyous place is now a barrack, where the provender is plain enough to satisfy the most exigent religious. But if, on emerging from the church, you will take the trouble to enter the street on the north side of the vast establishment, you will doubtless be able, as we were, to find a young soldier who will obtain permission for you to enter and see the lofty kitchen, once used by the monks and still employed for cooking the meals of the troops. It is well worth doing, for little has yet been changed save the quality of the food. A brook still flows through the midst of the vast apartment, confined in a stone channel. You look aloft into a groined roof, black with the culinary smoke of many centuries, much as is true of the Moorish palace kitchens in Cintra.

In this connection I cannot forbear quoting a bit more from the lively Beckford, who relates that he was led by three prelates to what is verily believed to be "the most distinguished temple of gluttony in Europe", and he proceeds: "My eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy or Germany such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than

sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs containing every sort and size of river fish. On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other vegetables in endless variety, and fruits. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens; and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which an army of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling and puffing into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a cornfield."

But all this is a digression, prompted by the reference to the jocund brotherhood who a century ago inhabited these precincts. It is necessary to return now to the monastery proper, or rather to its massive church, of which thus far we have considered only the western portal. Inside, the monastery church of Alcobaça is far more impressive than its western façade. It is massive, even ponderous, as befitted a day when religion was a very stern thing indeed. The piers which divide the nave from the aisles are so prodigious as to give the effect of a solid wall to one looking down the nave. The aisles in consequence seem unduly narrow. Perhaps it was the great austerity of their church that made the monks so partial to good cheer in eating and drinking, although I suspect that their tempting revenues—said to have totalled some $250,000 a year—were what most actively promoted the spending of so much on fleshly pleasures.

No one can fail to be impressed by the interior of the church at Alcobaça, even before visiting the royal sepulchres in the Chapel of the Tombs, which leads out of the south transept, where lies some noteworthy regal dust. In the chapter dealing briefly with the history of Portugal I have told the story of Pedro the Just and his ill-fated bride, Inez de Castro, who was murdered by hired assassins at Coimbra by the order of her father-in-law. Here we find the tombs of Pedro and Inez, their sculptured effigies lying foot to foot by the husband's express order, "so that on the resurrection morn his first sight may be that of the queen he adored".

There is a cloister on the northerly side of the church. We had some difficulty in discovering a sacristan to open it, but eventually one appeared. It is a dual affair, Gothic below and Manueline above—presumably because the upper story was an afterthought—and, as nearly always is the case, the enclosure proved to be a riot of greenery. A stately fountain in one corner trickled coolly in the semi-gloom of this secluded shade and maiden-hair fern in glorious abundance covered it, adding to the charm.

In the adjacent ecclesiastical buildings, now disestablished and converted into a State monument, were the customary apartments—refectory, chapter house and the like—from which most of the treasures have been removed to the Museum of Fine Arts in Lisbon. It is rather a pity, for few seem inclined to seek out the museum, whereas all the world goes to Alcobaça. There is likewise a stately, but almost wholly empty, hall lined with the familiar blue

pictorial tiling, in which are emblazoned the deeds of the old Portuguese kings, with statues of most of the kings standing on bracket pedestals above. Here and there a sovereign is missing, but one will discover that the list is reasonably near completeness.

We lunched humbly—not at all in Cistercian style as formerly known at Alcobaça—in the little local hotel, where the redeeming feature was a neat-handed waitress pleasant to see. And then, of course, it was time to turn our faces back toward Batalha over that execrable road, its wretchedness relieved in part by little children who knelt by the roadside in the attitude of prayer, but who started up as we approached and ran as far as they could beside the car in hope of centavos. Their calling is an old one, but it works much less well now than it did in horse-and-carriage days. Besides, copper coinage is rather essential to wayside mendicancy, and that no longer exists. The praying children, however, are much too good to lose, and the old custom still obtains. One fears that their supplications are superficial, but they look angelic enough to serve the brush of Murillo himself.

It proved a perfect afternoon for visiting Batalha. The sun shone brightly on the temple, making it glow even more resplendently than when we passed it in the forenoon. There it stood, a gem of the purest English Gothic surrounded by a tiny hamlet of houses and shops which owe their existence to the abbey alone, and which one might wish were away. They detract somewhat from the beauty of the shrine, which starts slightly handicapped by its location in the bottom of a hollow—some steps

down, in fact, from the road which leads to its main portal. But no handicap can suffice to injure greatly anything so utterly wonderful as King John's votive church.

There is something indescribably charming about the colour. The abbey is constructed of a sort of limestone which time has given a curiously elusive hue, much as has happened in the case of the Parthenon. The abiding impression is of a yellowish creaminess—a trifle ruddier, perhaps, especially when the sun is shining. I am strongly of opinion that early afternoon affords the most advantageous hour for visiting it, because then the light streams in through the south and west windows, casting patches of colour from the stained glass on the majestic pillars of the nave, and, above all, makes the Founder's Chapel, where the royal tombs are, a place of surpassing beauty.

Neither photograph nor printed word can do substantial justice to this masterpiece, the inspiration and despair of ecclesiastical architects through two-thirds of a millennium. One really must see it—and one ought to see it again and again. It is without doubt the very finest thing in all Portugal —at least from the viewpoint of lovers of the Gothic, predisposed to admiration through familiarity with a score of famous old churches in the north. It seems so odd to find down here in Iberia such a perfect specimen of Old English taste; and yet it is not really odd at all, considering that the queen, whose personal tastes were beyond doubt consulted, was herself English—Philippa of Lancaster, daughter to John of Gaunt. It is surmised

that architects and workmen were alike imported from Britain.

There is nothing austere about this votive abbey. It is light, airy and in a restrained manner even approaches gaiety, especially in the elaborate tracery of its arches and in the joyous leap of its flying buttresses. Its mammoth western door, something like fifty feet high, is amazingly beautiful, and above it towers a vast jewel of a window, nearly or quite as large, with gracefully perforated stone traceries. These features occupy a space equal to the width of the nave within. The casing of the door is most elaborate, and in niches stand the twelve apostles, with canopies in stone above their heads. As if these were not enough, the designer has also added a row of kings of Judea. After the grim massiveness of Alcobaça, the lacework of the great window above comes as a welcome relief. It may be made of stone, but so fairylike is it that the mind refuses to accept it as stone-cutters' work.

On its southerly side the façade is extended by the addition of the chapel, which contains the tombs of King John and his family, surmounted by an octagonal lantern, the latter supported by graceful buttresses. As for the roof, it is graced by numerous pinnacles. It is as different from the Manueline idea as anything can be, yet it is quite as joyous in its effect.

The original monastery here was Dominican, and apparently its monks were of a more abstemious breed than those of Alcobaça. There is little about the place now to recall them. The abbey is

nationalized, and apparently is not used as a house of worship at all.

Inside it is nearly as satisfying as from without, but in a simpler manner. The nave and aisles are narrow for their length, and the height is, as usual in such churches, impressive. The groining of the roof is wonderfully fine, and the stained-glass windows add immensely to the effect, particularly in the apse. Just before the steps that lead to the high altar lie the recumbent effigies of King Duarte (Edward) and Queen Eleanor. Duarte, as you may remember, was the ill-starred son of King John who died early of grief at the disaster suffered by his expedition against Tangier. But the great John himself, his British spouse and the remainder of his children lie buried in the octagonal chapel opening from the south aisle near the main portal of the church, in what may be called without rashness one of the most splendid mortuary chambers in the world.

It is a place of ineffable peace. The majestic tombs of John and Philippa, surmounted by their recumbent figures in marble, hand clasped in hand, stand in the centre. An incongruous wooden ladder permits the curious to ascend for a nearer view of the sculptures, which is thoughtful and convenient, yet somehow jars on the eye and impairs the general effect. Ranged around the walls are the tombs of the other children—Fernando, who spent the better part of his days as a hostage in the hands of the Moors, and who refused to obtain release by urging his brother to surrender territory to the captors; then Pedro and the younger João;

and finally, greatest of all, though uncrowned, Henry the Navigator, whose energy and enthusiasm were what inspired the explorer Vasco da Gama and half a dozen other pioneers less celebrated than he.

There are some highly curious devices worked into the fillets of the various tombs, some of which are easy to comprehend and some of which are meaningless to the modern beholder. *Pro rege pro grege* one may assume to mean "For king and the Church"—but not all are so comprehensible. The recurrent *Desir*, with interpolated scales of justice, seems clear enough, but what shall one make of the numeral "VII", the cog-wheels and the oft-reiterated *Jamais*? These graves are so very old and the beauty of the place is so very great that solemnity seems all but banished. It is light and pleasant, and oh, so quiet! One is likely to spend more time in the Founder's Chapel than in all the rest of the structure, but, of course, there remains much to see.

For example, note by the very threshold of the tomb chapel the flat stone in the floor of the south aisle marking the grave of Martin Gonsalves de Maçada. This worthy knight saved the life of King John in the midst of the battle of Aljubarrota, and for it he has his reward, being buried as close to the royal tombs as circumstances permitted. Had not this valiant gentleman intervened when he did on that notable day, one fears Portugal would have passed to Spanish control—and most certainly there would be no Battle Abbey.

The great cloisters lie on the northerly side of the church. The later taste of Portugal has been

busy here, filling the arches with tracery so elaborate that critics have raised the undying query, "It's pretty, but is it Art?" I have no qualms on that score myself, being ready to agree with any who find in the Batalha cloisters nearly the most beautiful in existence. Possibly one ought not to like this superposition of Manueline fripperies on chaste Gothic, and when one comes to inspect the so-called "unfinished chapels" behind the apse of the church proper, it is hardly to be denied that they do begin to grate on one. The great cloisters, however, seem to me to stop far short of offence, and carry out admirably the general idea of rejoicing and of triumph which must have been the main motives for planting on this spot so glorious a memorial.

The gallant Beckford, surely a personage of refined taste, regarded the chapter hall opening off the cloister as the "most strikingly beautiful apartment he ever beheld". It justifies extravagant praise. Some seventy feet in breadth, it is roofed with graceful archings which have no supporting pillar below to break in on the spaciousness of the room—a miracle of engineering in those remote days which was not attained without incidental mishaps. The ceiling is said to have collapsed twice before the builders discovered means for making one that would endure. As a legacy of the Great War, Portugal has lately enshrined her Unknown Soldier here, and has done it with peculiar impressiveness. A lamp burns without ceasing above the nameless grave. A living soldier stands perpetually on guard. Tiny nosegays of flowers

THE GREAT CLOISTERS, BATALHA

are brought daily to deck the level slab of the tomb. I recall still another and very similar tomb in the adjacent monastery museum, which was once the refectory of the monks. But in the main this museum is unrewarding and will hardly hold any visitor long. Much more charming are the humble Gothic cloisters of the original monastery, which form still another court where one is relieved from any questionings as to taste, since no Manueline hand has sought to adorn these ancient arches with filigree work.

The curious addition of the "unfinished chapels" remains for almost the last item in one's itinerary. These are in a group built out around the back of the apse, very like Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, and consisting of a large central chapel with ten smaller ones clustering about it. They are frankly and exuberantly Manueline, and so excessively intricate was the work that when the original projectors laid down their earthly burden no one could be found sufficiently venturesome to complete them. As a result these chapels stand roofless to this day, with only the side arches really finished. I find it hard to regret this. There could easily be too much Manueline, and very obviously there was going to be when a cold hand was laid on the king and his designers alike. The work ceased with the death of Manuel in 1521.

Half-finished, the work is possessed of a certain charm. I question whether, had it been completed, it would have pleased as much. It seems too sickish-sweet, too cloying. And yet that mammoth principal arch will not quite let you go, despite

its impossible excesses, in which fruits, flowers and foliage mingle inextricably with carved stone cables and intricate mouldings to bewilder and distract the eye. And what is meant by the constantly repeated device, *Tanais el Rey*? No one seems to know, and I cannot feel much enthusiasm for the suggestion of Mr. Martin Hume that they are an anagram for *Arte e Linyas* (Art and Lines). Someone must do better than that.

Before you finally go, seek out the ascent to the roof outside. It is not a laborious climb if the day is not too hot, and from the warm stones above you get a very fine view of the various cloisters and of the upper parts of the church itself. Then clamber down and return to Leiria, confident that you have seen the greatest thing that Portugal has to show. It remains a monument to King John I and none other. Manuel just avoided spoiling it, so far as human hand could ever spoil anything so close to absolute perfection. Nowhere else has Gothic architecture attained serener heights.

CHAPTER VII

COIMBRA; THOMÀR; BUSSACO

FOLLOWING the return from Batalha there was a family conference. If that road between Leiria and Alcobaça was locally regarded as good, what would probably be the condition of one which was admittedly very bad indeed—the doubtful encomium passed by all concerned on the highway leading eastward from Leiria to Thomàr? Of course, they had said we could do it—probably in from three to five hours, although the official distance was given as only about twenty-five miles. But it was bound to be a slow and comfortless ride—and we should have to spend a night at the inn there, as to which we had heard disquieting accounts and of which I discovered later hardly the half had been told.

At this juncture I had recourse to that useful tome, the Guia Official. From it I gleaned that as the station for Thomàr was on the other division of the railroad one could quite handily make a day's excursion thither from Coimbra, returning the same night. Coimbra was reputed to have a most excellent hotel—which is the fact, by the way—and after sampling the meagre comforts of rural Portugal for two frigid nights, we found ourselves

shamelessly longing for the flesh-pots. Hence the decision to postpone Thomàr and to push on to Coimbra by the afternoon train.

There was an incidental mystery growing out of the fact that there were two Coimbras listed in the Guia—Coimbra A and Coimbra B—as to which our landlord could throw no light whatsoever in language comprehensible to us, although he strove manfully to do so. It became painfully obvious that he had not an idea in the world what the facts were and was merely seeking to be pleasant. On the off-chance that it was not a thing to regret, I telegraphed the Astoria Hotel in Coimbra to have us met that evening at Coimbra B—they call it "Coimbra Bay", I might add, which gives it a delusively maritime flavour. For the enlightenment of the reader who may be passing that way I will say that Coimbra proper lies about a mile east of the main line of the railroad, so that one must alight at Coimbra B and either jog up to town in a taxi or wait a few minutes for the little branch-line train to Coimbra A. It is preferable, especially on your first approach, to resort to the taxi.

It was a pleasant ride up the valley from Leiria in a train which once again we had virtually to ourselves. The weather held warm and fine, but the recent rains had freshened the whole face of Nature and the landscape was opulently Italian. One must change trains at Affarellos, where the two divisions come together, and this meant a longish wait in a stupid and smoky junction; but an hour is soon sped, even in such an uninspiring

place, and eventually there came along a main-line train from Lisbon which sufficed to complete the journey to Coimbra in a scant half-hour's time. It was fairly crowded, but with true native courtesy places were found for us, and a buxom mother with two pretty daughters devoted the brief time at our command to the laudable purpose of improving our Portuguese speech. Meantime the views from the windows became more and more delightful as the train entered the broad and fertile valley of the Mondego River, the only considerable stream which is entirely Portuguese from start to finish. Lush pastures carpeted with a pinkish-purple wild-flower appeared making a glorious bit of colour. Our new-found friends could not tell its name. They merely knew it was "good for cows". In masses it is also fair to see. One comes to expect something rather choice of the Portuguese wayside, either because of the roses, or huge tracts of heather, or some other massed bloom.

The railway crosses the Mondego a short distance before reaching Coimbra B, and looking eastward up-stream there is a splendid view of the little city clambering over a steep hill-side above the river, with much higher hills beyond. The river itself is serenely beautiful, and its beauty is enhanced by the presence of graceful craft, with lateen sails and high curved prows like those of gondolas, conveying minor cargoes to town. The current seems reasonably rapid, but with a fair breeze these pretty little boats make shift to work their way against it. All this we took in as the train rattled over the bridge and squeaked to a halt. The Astoria man was there,

and his French, while excellent, was not so good as to be entirely beyond our ken.

He enlivened the ride to town with tales of the newly opened inn with its New York name. Monsieur would find it excellent. Everyone connected with it spoke French. The cuisine would be discovered to be French. There was a telephone in every room. There was in each chamber water, hot and cold. It had been opened last Thursday. This was the hotel—this glorious stone building before which the carriage was at that moment halting.

It was indeed a sudden transition from the primitive comforts of the Grand Hotel Liz, and the manager, with many bows, began an address of welcome in which I caught the magic equivalent for "rooms with bath". "Is it that of it you have?" I asked in my most idiomatic French. "Mais oui, monsieur." That night the family cleansed itself for another rural week, although the hot water only ran warm if you wasted a hogshead or two first.

Dinner, we learned, would be ready at eight o'clock, but as one now inured to the customs of the country I surmised with substantial correctness that this meant you were not really expected to appear until eight-thirty at the earliest, and preferably should come at nine. Outside our window there was a narrow balcony giving a view over the Mondego to one hand and to the steep hill-side crowned by the buildings of the national university to the other. In the middle distance the tinted walls and tiled toofs of Coimbra surged

over the slope in a fascinating jumble, with no hint of streets or passageways among the thronging houses.

It was much too late that night to venture forth, but early the next morning we plunged into the mazes of those abruptly ascending thoroughfares which wind in and out among the hill-side dwellings and somehow get you to the top. But first of all there is a narrow main street along the base of the hill, as crooked as a ram's horn and traversed by a tram-line which runs directly past the chief lion of the lower city, the venerable church of Santa Cruz. One does well to make this the first point of inspection, for it is one of the most interesting churches in the country and is the burial-place of the first two Portuguese kings—Affonso Henriques and Sancho, his son.

The entrance to the church is lower than the present pavement, so that one must first descend several steps and pass through a tasteless semi-detached portico, which sadly obscures a very admirable main doorway in the Manueline style. Of course, most of what one sees is a reconstruction in Manuel's time of a building which was really founded in the twelfth century by the original monarchs of Portugal. Nor was the process of reconstruction without a certain ghastly pomp, for Manuel caused the corpse of Affonso Henriques to be exhumed for the rededication ceremony, robed it in purple and crowned it with gold, mounted the lifeless clay on a throne before the high altar, and caused the loyal subjects present to do homage to the founder of the royal line. Then he permitted

Affonso to resume his eternal rest in a simple but very dignified tomb to the left as you face the altar, and laid Sancho as tenderly away in a very similar one to the right, each sepulchre surmounted by a recumbent figure in marble.

The interior of Santa Cruz is lined with pictorial tiles of the familiar blue, which to my mind do not greatly enhance its ancient beauty; but the roof is wholly satisfying, and if you will seek out a long ascending stairway of stone in the south wall of the structure you will doubtless be admitted to the lofty choir, which looks down on the open nave below, where are ancient carved stalls of unusual beauty and the usual remarkable service books. There is also a very handsome pulpit at one side of the nave, said to be the work of John of Rouen, which is still imposing, though its canopy has vanished and though more or less violence has been done to its adornments.

In the sacristy is a primitive sort of picture gallery with some fairly good paintings—one or two attributed to the "Gran Vasco" (Vellascus, or Velasco) one hears mentioned with more reverence than particularity as a Portuguese master in pictorial art. But we found the most satisfying thing of all to be the secluded cloisters of the church, not alone because of the exuberant Manueline Gothic of the walls and arches, but also because of the fragrance and greenery of the tiny garden which they enclosed. During our stay in Coimbra we went back often to Santa Cruz and invariably to the cloister—so cool, so green, so peaceful after the roar and tumult of the street.

Coimbra is like Lisbon in this, that the town occupies the slopes of two systems of hills with a broad ascending ravine between them. In this deep gash we found the principal market—a huge one, amply shaded by trees. Nearly everything was sold from booths, but at the upper end was a great shed-like structure devoted to provisions and fish. Just what constitutes the special allurement of a market I cannot say, but I never can resist one, even at home; and abroad, with the bizarre wares, the unfamiliar methods and the kaleidoscopic effect of unusual costumes, they always attract me to an uncommon degree. The market of Coimbra is vastly pleasanter and more delightful than that of Lisbon. It is not so matter-of-fact and its situation is finer. The town rises steeply on either hand with the abruptly ascending hills, a bell-tower dominating the whole and completing the picture.

From this point you may, if you will, ascend to the summit and find your way to the two cathedrals on the more southerly hill, which hill also contains the famous university. But I still prefer to approach these by a winding alley, mostly composed of broad steps, which leads up from the main street of the city nearer the Astoria Hotel. In going that way the ascent is abrupt and you pass under what looks rather like a city gate—a grim old archway of stone. It is the street of furniture-makers and dealers in antiques; and if you fall under its spell, as of course you will, it is likely to cost you dear, though I doubt that you will ever regret it.

Just a little way beyond the antiquarians is the old cathedral—el Sè Velha—now virtually dismantled

in favour of el Sè Nova on the heights above. El Sè Nova is only about three hundred years old, which in Portugal seems like yesterday when it is past. El Sè Velha dates back to the twelfth century, and tasteful restorations which have been going on for a generation have brought it back to something like its ancient simple grandeur, inside and out. It is rated one of the most nearly perfect specimens extant of the ecclesiastical architecture of that distant time, and while it has no royal tombs to rival those of Santa Cruz below, it is easily, to my thinking, the most rewarding monument in Coimbra to see.

The old sacristan proved an elusive personage, but the obliging Jewish antiquarian nearby hunted him out and got us admitted. Grim and forbidding without and dominated by a stout battlemented tower, the church proved singularly beautiful within. It was absolutely deserted save for ourselves—a little church with diminutive nave and aisles, a fascinating clerestory above, and a glorious high altar of Dutch or Flemish design completing the vista. The effect is a curious mingling of the Romanesque and Byzantine.

To be sure, there are tombs, but they are of bishops and of noble families rather than of kings. The Soares family in particular have a chapel devoted to them, as befits the family of the bishop who began the building. The old sexton opened a door and showed us ruined cloisters, but these had nothing of the magnificence of the enclosure at Santa Cruz and merely spoke of a vanished past, when priests and people thronged the compact old

THE SÈ VELHA, COIMBRA

cathedral and no one had been moved to suggest constructing another much higher up the hill.

It is impossible to praise equally the Sè Nova. Huge and barnlike, it cannot for one moment be compared with the older church, and we found it in the hands of repairers, whose scaffoldings added to the natural repulsion, so that eventually we passed it by and sought out the ancient college on the brow of the hill overlooking the main part of the town. It is most easily located, I have found, by first discovering the tram-line that runs thither and then following it to its terminus as if it were Ariadne's cord.

It happened on the occasion of our visit to be vacation-time, so that the buildings were mainly closed, but I doubt that this was really a serious deprivation. It is a very ancient college, founded at Lisbon originally in 1290, but removed to Coimbra in 1307 by our old friend, King Diniz, as a compensation for moving the capital from Coimbra to Lisbon some years previously. The university's tenure in Coimbra was not uninterrupted, for Lisbon appears to have taken it back at least twice; but it has finally become fixed in its more northerly habitation, and at present Coimbra is the Oxford-and-Cambridge of the country. The college buildings have occupied this particular site only since 1540, but its ceremonies are claimed to date from a much earlier day and were in some cases devised by John the Great. What you will see, if the buildings are closed to inspection, is mainly a quadrangle with one open side—toward the river and the town—which affords a wonderful place

from which to obtain a view. Just what may be the grade of education offered here I could not learn, but the students (of whom a few were in town) seemed surprisingly young. There is, however, a school of law, which argues a certain maturity. The distinctive costume of the undergraduates appears to continue unchanged, for we saw occasional boys clad in the long frock-coats of black, buttoned to the chin, and either wearing over their shoulders or carrying over their arms the flowing robe which in Portugal, as elsewhere, seems to be regarded as the distinguishing badge of the academician. They no longer wear any distinctive cap. Groups of lads in this costume, and unusual numbers of what seemed very excellent bookshops, sufficed as down-town reminders of scholastic activity on the heights.

It takes a bit of hunting, when you leave the university, to locate the great botanical gardens, but they are well worth the search. The entrance lies farther down the hill on the side away from Coimbra and is hidden behind an ancient aqueduct, the arches of which are impressive. Our aged Baedeker described the *Jardim Botanico* as "neglected", but that adjective can scarcely be applied to it now. We found it very extensive and well provided with both native and exotic trees. Gardeners were busy about its paths, and the flower-beds gave promise of much luxuriance with the advance of the season. Evidently it was the city's principal pleasure-ground, and it is a distinctly beautiful one, of such size that overcrowding is hardly possible.

These very nearly exhaust the list of sites likely to be explored by visitors in Coimbra proper, but there remains the other side of the Mondego, reached by a useful though ugly iron bridge. It is hardly worth hiring a carriage for this journey, because almost at once on reaching the other shore the driver refuses to attempt the steep ascent of the hill to the Convent of Santa Clara and bids you walk up. One is reasonably rewarded for the climb, however, for the convent buildings (1649) are interesting. They replace a much older convent below, still visible as ruins hard by the end of the bridge. Most interesting of all objects of the present convent is the tomb of St. Elizabeth—the canonized queen of old King Diniz—whose celebrity arises out of a miracle wrought by an indulgent heaven to conceal a thumping falsehood told by her with intent to conceal from the thrifty Diniz the extent of her charities to the poor. According to the legend the king met her one day bearing a well-laden apron.

"What have you there?" he inquired.

"N-n-nothing but roses, Your Majesty," stammered the embarrassed queen.

King Diniz demanded in the rich Portuguese idiom of his day to be shown, and the queen reluctantly complied. To the king's discomfiture and doubtless to the queen's amazement it was revealed that she had spoken the truth, for her apron contained only roses such as could be plucked by the score from any Portuguese wall.

The saintly queen, *Reinha Santa*, reposes in a Gothic sepulchre on the top of which rests a

recumbent statue, open-eyed. A light burns perpetually before it.

Into the famous garden—now private property—where the beautiful Inez de Castro was done to death in 1355 to get her away from Prince Pedro, by order of Affonso IV, we were unable to penetrate because the proprietors were in residence and had barred the gate. It lies on the same bank of the river with the Santa Clara, but up-stream from the bridge. The story of Inez I have told in another place—possibly twice—and have mentioned her tomb at Alcobaça. It was in this garden, sometimes called the *Quinta das Lagrimas*, and close by a spring still known as the Font of Love, that hired assassins destroyed the beautiful Spanish maid-of-honour who had captured the heart of the youthful prince and borne him three children. He married her secretly after the timely death of his lawful wife, but their association was all too brief. Inez was immured in the convent for a space, and the tale is that messages to her from Pedro were floated down the current from the Fonte des Amores. Practically nothing remains of the original grove in which the murder was perpetrated, but within living memory there was still one ancient cypress venerated as having given shelter to the ill-fated princess.

Having sated ourselves with Coimbra, we selected a promising day and ventured back down-country to Thomàr. By a fortunate arrangement of trains this is very conveniently done, leaving Coimbra B in the middle of the morning and getting home again late in the evening—a fast train each way. I have

no doubt that Thomàr, as well as the monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha, can likewise be visited by making day-excursions out from Lisbon by rail, although it would be a fatiguing jaunt in each case and therefore hardly to be recommended save as a last resort. I even doubt that Thomàr alone is worth the trouble, fine as its remnants are and historic as is the place itself. Even from Coimbra it requires no mean effort, chiefly because the station at which you alight—Payalvo—is nearly five hot and dusty miles from Thomàr and the road is one of those which Katrina calls "reversible", meaning that it appears to be all uphill whichever way you are going.

We were met at Payalvo by a venerable carriage and pair (arranged for by telegraph, as is necessary), the driver a willing but rather somnolent lad who may have counted sixteen summers. It was a windless midday, and the cloud which we raised from the outworn road would have done credit to the hosts of Israel. The horses could not be persuaded to trot, of course, going up-grade, and whenever the road dipped downward at all the driver screwed up the brake, so that the pace remained substantially the same. None the less we did eventually arrive, and saw with some relief that a railroad was being constructed from the south which in a year or two should make it possible to reach the little town of Thomàr by train.

There is little beauty about the place, save its situation on the bank of a pretty river. Some factories engendered by the water-power exist, but the streets seemed deserted and dull. The inn,

pretentiously named the Hotel União Commercial, was the least promising I remember ever to have seen, and the luncheon we attempted to eat there was very nearly the "World's Worst". No one, however, could complain of the disposition of the personnel. From the manager—whose lack of collar and whose white "sneakers" could not conceal the fact that he was by every instinct a most courteous gentleman—to the table-boy, everyone did his level best. It was a distress to them that we could not even pretend to relish our leathery omelet and the sour wine. It seemed fortunate indeed that we were not doomed to spend the night. How it may be with the other local hostelry—the Thomàrense—I do not know. It may be better. It could hardly be more utterly cheerless.

Thomàr was once the site of origin for a famous and important branch of knighthood with a name no less portentous than Order of the Knights of Christ. This organization was a successor to the Templars, who for a season had maintained a castle on the opposite bank of the little river and who had built there the still visible church of Santa Maria de Olival—name inspired by the fact that this whole region, plain and hill-side, is a gigantic olive orchard. Santa Maria we visited later in the day and discovered to be worthy of visitation, though little of it as it now stands is older than 1450. Its façade, however, and the rugged tower may very well go back to the remote times of the first Templars on this spot—prior to 1160. For this pilgrimage and for that to the more imposing

castle on the heights above the town it is well to retain the carriage. Santa Maria lies at a very considerable distance down the farther side of the river, and the custodian must be located at his abode in town before you go, else he will not be on hand with his keys. The obviously great age, rather than any special virtue of art or architecture, is what gives the charm to this historic church.

The hotel proprietor waylaid the carriage on its way back to town and made us get out. He had bethought himself of a tiny chapel, of which no guide-book I had seen made any mention, in a group of buildings near the bridge. He had procured the key and insisted on showing it. I am very glad he did. It was little and old and manifestly unspoiled. Its great glory lay in its tiles, for the walls were inlaid with most beautiful specimens.

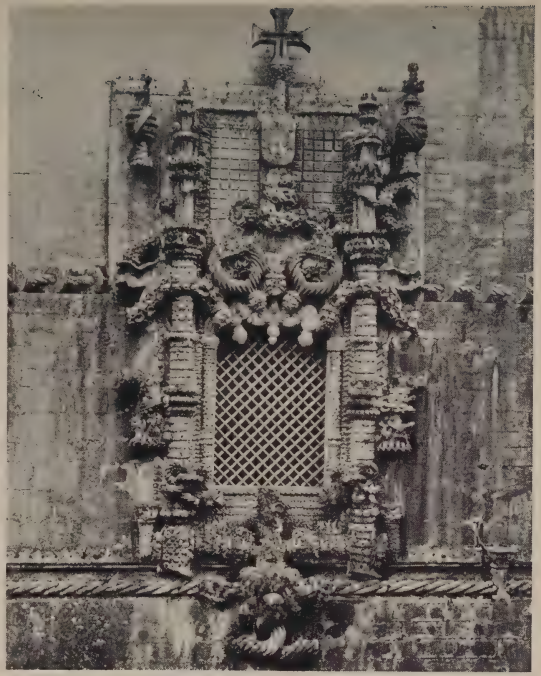
It remained to climb to the overhanging hill behind the village, where stands the ruined castle of the Knights of Christ, the towers of which had invited us ever since we came over the brow of the range that cuts off Thomàr from the more western valleys. It was to this height that the Templars repaired after they had found that their older castle in the plain was unsuited to the needs of defence in a period when the Moor was still abroad in the land. They wrought nobly, and to the work of their hands were added other buildings of a later day, giving us the present grand agglomeration of castles, churches and cloisters on this commanding summit.

The Templars were suppressed in 1314, but King Diniz instituted in their place a chivalric order,

"Ordem de Caballeria de Nosse Senhor Jesus Christo", whose duties were "the defence of the faith, the defeat of the Moor, and the extension of the Portuguese empire". The new knighthood took over the Thomàr hill-top, and with the advent of Henry the Navigator as its Grand Master became one of the most potent energizers of Portuguese enterprise.

Henry the Navigator was not the first great leader of the later Order of Knights. His father, John I, often referred to in the books as the "Master of Aviz", had preceded Henry and might easily have made a great name for himself at the head of this powerful and wealthy organization had not circumstances summoned him to a still greater work. As we have seen, it was his fate to fight the invading Spaniards on the slopes of Aljubarrota and make himself King of Portugal, the virtual founder of a new dynasty; and it was his equally great though uncrowned son who took up the mantle of the Master of Aviz to rule over the Knights of Christ at Thomàr. The Moor being expelled from the land, the Order devoted itself with the greater freedom to the third injunction in its constitution—the extension of the Portuguese kingdom. It was a task for which Henry had the greatest possible zest and an equally great genius.

Everywhere on the buildings at Thomàr, and frequently elsewhere, one may see the distinctive device of the Order—a sort of outlined cross with a hollow centre, alternating with the astronomical or armillary sphere, presumably with intent to combine in a sort of architectural formula the aims



A WINDOW IN THE WESTERN FAÇADE

THE MAIN ENTRANCE

THE CONVENTS DE CHRISTO, THOMAR

of the Knights to spread abroad alike the Gospel of Christ and the temporal power of Portugal.

We drove to the very gate of this highland stronghold and dismounted. A crowd of boys—for there is a sort of boys' academy housed now in the habitable portions of the castle—were playing the national form of "soccer" in the avenue, laughing and shouting. Their play did not prevent our driver from curling up in the shadow of his canopy and going to sleep while we entered the ancient building and roused the custodian.

The outer walls of the fortress, while interesting in their grim way, were nothing to the magnificence of the buildings within. Most prominently visible was the tall octagonal church of the original occupants of the site—the old Templars—who reared this structure in remote imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. It proved to contain an ancient altar with a State canopy, and the effect was a curious mixture of the Moslem and Christian, since there is a strongly Byzantine flavour invading the Christian architecture of the shrine. Annexed to the original church we found the no less lofty and much more elaborate structure of the choir and chapter house—a quaint commingling of exuberant Manueline work with the austerity of the initial building, which succeeds in spite of itself. As always, the purists claim that this is woefully bad art, and I have no doubt it is. None the less I defy anyone not to find something thoroughly satisfying in the gorgeousness of the whole, particularly the elaborate portal below and the grand round window in the western wall above,

with its deeply bevelled rim adorned with bellying foresails in low relief. A further interest centres in the fact that the sculptors carved a titanic garter with its buckle around the stout pillars of the western front—a reminder that Prince Henry was a Plantagenet on his mother's side and entitled to the Order of the Garter of Britain.

There is little left in either the choir below or the chapter hall above, but the carved ceilings are beautiful and the history of the rooms is full of interest. It was here that Philip II of Spain received the homage of the Portuguese on that black day when the kingdom reverted to Spanish dominion, there to abide uneasily for four-score years. And a relic of that humiliation of thoroughly gruesome kind is to be seen in a tomb in one of the adjacent upper cloisters, where a glass lid let into the stone permits the visitor to see the naked and mummified corpse of the infamous Baltasar da Faria. Baltasar was the instrument of the Philips in Portugal, and his cruelties made him universally hated. To this hate he owes the unenviable privilege of being shown for ever in his tomb, deprived of every trapping of State and every rag of decency—a contorted and discoloured mummy for all the world to see.

There is a rather bewildering succession of cloisters, higher and lower, adjacent to the main portions of the ancient castle, some added by Henry the Navigator, some still later by Manuel, and some latest of all by John III, who did much to ruin the old magnificence of the Knights by changing their Order from a chivalric one to a

THE CASTLE OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, THOMAR

wholly religious body. John's cloisters therefore seek a return to classical austerity, and the Manueline joyousness suffers a permanent eclipse. There are other chapter houses likewise, including one which was never finished and which therefore stands roofless to this day.

A guide is really most essential throughout the inspection of this grand old ruin, because it is a perfect maze and one speedily loses all sense of direction as one is led about. The views from the occasional roofs and balconies are magnificent, overlooking the olive-clad hill-sides and the broad and fertile valley below. The guide points out the ancient limits of the estates possessed by the Order at the height of its wealth and power. But I think the memory which will linger longest after the details of the spot have been lost from mind is that of a peculiarly joyous Manueline building, in which the major importance belongs, not to King Manuel at all, but to Prince Henry, Grand Master of the Order through so many momentous years.

At some distance to the north there is to be seen a penitential shrine with a long *scala santa*—I think it has 255 steps—but our curiosity was not equal to seeking it out. We did enter and measurably enjoyed the ancient church of St. John in the main *praça* of the town—a very old structure with a Manueline portal and a curious tower, an octagonal belfry and a graceful spire. But always the thing one must rate supreme in Thomàr is the castle on the hill—so dominating from afar and so interesting on nearer view, with its stratifications of history so

easily to be seen from the times of the original Affonso Henriques and the Templars down to the inglorious intervention of the Philips. For modern Portugal it is a mere national monument, housing in part a novitiate academy for training priests.

Getting away from Thomàr was not altogether easy because the carriage could not be found. It was due at five o'clock, but, of course, was not really expected until at least half an hour later. It really arrived at six, and behold it was the same ancient vehicle drawn by the same tired horses which had already made one trip to and from Payalvo that day. The pace was slower than before. The dust was deeper. The dusk increased and train-time drew near. But when hope was at its lowest ebb a turn in the road revealed the tiny station with its lights—and we were safe. The train thundered in—and in due course disgorged us at Coimbra " Bay ".

The journey to Bussaco is quite another and much simpler matter. Bussaco lies only about fifteen miles from Coimbra, high on the hills which hem in the upper reaches of the Mondego, and may be reached from Coimbra by motor or by a combination of motor and train. In view of the low estate of Portugal's highways I should recommend the latter alternative.

Fortunately the railway ride is brief. It is necessary only to go from Coimbra B to Pampilhosa —practically the next stop—which requires barely a quarter of an hour. The motor from the Bussaco Palace will meet you by arrangement, and will cover the remaining eight miles or so in about half

an hour, passing through a pleasant country and then climbing abruptly through the village of Luzo—famous for its mineral waters—to your destination in the heart of Bussaco's sacred grove. There is also a branch railroad running through Luzo, but it is of no practical importance because time is saved by motoring directly from Pampilhosa.

Shortly beyond Luzo the motor enters the forest, passing through an imposing Manueline gateway in the enclosing wall. Thereafter the road is a delightful winding way through an incredible park, always ascending. There are trees of every kind and of every age, including surviving specimens of what one likes to believe are genuine cedars of Lebanon, the age of which is problematical but manifestly very great. The grove was sanctified long ago by a papal decree of Gregory XV, who launched the curse of Rome at any who should invade the property of the monastery hidden away in the depths of the forest; and this prohibition expressly forbade the impious approach of any woman to the abode of the holy Carmelites—an injunction now happily abrogated. Urban VIII added to the safeguards of the magnificent trees by threatening to excommunicate by bell, book and candle any who should deface them.

The convent all but disappeared long ago under the prodigious bulk of a great white Manueline palace—ornate and, in its overdone way, beautiful—which was begun as a sylvan retreat for the Portuguese kings but which has since been converted into an hotel and greatly enlarged, the later architects wisely adhering to the same original

designs and style. It is rated the best hotel in the country, and I see no reason to dissent from this flattering judgment. The management is the same as that of the Astoria in Coimbra, and the same proprietors likewise maintain two or three minor hotels in Lisbon, not to mention one at Curia, another resort popular with the native population during the hot summers. Bussaco's magnificent establishment is open all the year, frequented by foreign tourists in winter and by the wealthier Portuguese at warmer seasons, and stands in a class by itself.

We drove up from Pampilhosa in the frowning cloudiness of an April noonday. The fine weather which had ruled for a glorious week gave many evidences of breaking, but for the moment the sun peeped out and gilded the summits of the hills toward which we were making with all seemly speed. The red roofs of Luzo appeared, and even a hint of the immaculate whiteness of Bussaco's isolated palace could be obtained from far below as the car sped along. But the great charm began only when the gate was passed and the climb began through the silence of that amazing forest, preserved originally by the Carmelite monks and later enriched by their generous contributions to its contents in the form of exotic trees from foreign lands.

The whole park is encircled by a wall ten feet high and many miles long, through which gates are cut at strategic points. Within, it is a well-kept national preserve with winding paths and roadways. There are practically no buildings whatever

within it, save the hotel and a few essential structures appurtenant thereto; but along the main footways there still remain numerous little shrines of stone, now either barred or walled up for the most part, although one or two conveniently placed may still be used for shelter in event of sudden showers. High above the forest on the knife-edge of the hill-top is a great stone cross—the Cruz Alta—which is easily to be reached on foot by strolling up a winding way on the abrupt slopes behind the palace.

We clattered up to the door of the inn, where the attendants had been piped to man the side in true naval fashion, headed by a stout Swiss concierge who spoke a good but wheezy brand of English and who engulfed us in his fatherly care. There were but few guests thus early at Bussaco, and no other Americans at all. We later discovered that the total number was little more than half a dozen. These included a respectable British couple who always dressed elaborately for dinner and who probably bore some such names as Sir Hercules and Lady Tubbs; four Germans, of the sort one finds travelling since the war, who always conversed in penetrating but husky whispers; and a young Portuguese couple on their honeymoon. A company so small was utterly lost in the vastness of the palace, with its huge living-room, its grand hall with the ceremonial staircase, and the long corridors which branched off into illimitable space. Inside and out the building was of an exuberance. Its dining-room was frescoed with scenes from the *Lusiad* of Camoëns. Its hall was lined with pictorial tiling depicting the famous victory which

Wellington won in 1810 against the legions of France on the heights immediately behind the hotel. More blue tiles relating to the exploits of Vasco da Gama embellished the broad verandas. And just across the drive, or behind the level parterres of a garden which was just beginning to burst into bloom, rose the compact density of that glorious forest, tier on tier against the sky, boasting every sort of tree, but dominated always by the lofty eucalyptus and by the gnarled old trunks of those prodigious cypresses, which seem to salute you as those manifestly about to die.

We concluded that this would be a splendid place to sink down and rest after two weeks of rather strenuous sightseeing, and such it proved to be. The rain, however, set in again and the winds blew with the ferocity consonant with a mountain-top. It was chilly, despite the fact that the diminutive radiators grew comfortably warm to one's hand three times daily, and despite the manful attempt of a small German stove to mitigate the evening cold of the State drawing-room. As so often in Portugal, one went to bed to keep warm. But at other times the meagre company gathered about the German stove and found means of common intercourse in the guise of travellers' French, spoken with deliberation, and therefore great comprehensibility, by Germans, English, Americans and Portuguese alike.

By day and between showers small local excursions proved to be possible. The favourite, because all on one level and within easy distance of the hotel, was the brief stroll out to the Coimbra gate—a

portal overlooking Coimbra and the lower valley of the Mondego. I was never quite sure I actually saw the city, but it was certain one could see the place where it ought to be. As for the path leading out to this gate, it was charming, skirting the shoulder of the hill without attempting to climb it, and I suspect it was carefully engineered for the less active brethren of the Carmelite Order. A more toilsome expedition was that down to the curious double stairway along the rushing torrent of the Fonte Fria, not far below the hotel—a place of moist shade and innumerable ferns. The most arduous walk of all, but by far the most rewarding, we found to be the ascent to the Cruz Alta and the summit of the ridge, which can be followed thence outside the walls of the park to a point which gives a wonderfully clear idea of the battlefield on which Napoleon's legions sustained their first considerable set-back in the Peninsula War.

Of course, the view from the High Cross is wide and in clear weather must be magnificent. I suspect, however, that what will most genuinely hold the visitor is that great bare slope toward the north-east, still untouched by man, on the abrupt face of which Wellington met the ascending battalions of Marshal Massena in the mists of a September morning in 1810. Things are still almost exactly as they were, and there is (or was) at the hotel a volume of history devoted to this battle which should enable any guest with the proper degree of interest to reconstruct the scene.

Naturally this was before the advent of the palace. The ancient Carmelite monastery founded in 1268,

of which only a fragment remains buried in the basement purlieus of the hotel, was then the sole building in the precinct—a spacious establishment the cells of which were lined with cork to counteract the dampness. To this peaceful retreat on September 20, 1810, came a subaltern to discover suitable quarters for "Lord Wellington", as the Portuguese have always called him. He was shown the prior's cell—the best one. Wellington, on reaching the place a few days later, declined to accept this lodging "because it had but a single door", and prudently selected a less eligible cell which offered alternative ways of egress in case of need.

Meantime Massena was advancing from the east and north, painstakingly "selecting the worst roads possible", according to the derisive notes made by his British adversary, and eventually arrived opposite the ridge of Bussaco, where he learned to his astonishment that Wellington really intended to make a stand against him. Despite Wellington's expulsion of the French forces under Marshal Soult from Oporto in the preceding year, Massena was still capable of underrating his foe, and readily believed that the British and Portuguese troops occupying the summit were vastly inferior to his own. It is further alleged that Massena had become obsessed by the notion that he was Fortune's child and that nothing could stop him. Certain it is that Napoleon, smarting under the loss of Oporto, had admonished his marshals in Portugal to allow no second disaster, but to win for him the whole peninsula from the Pyrenees to the sea.

Thus it happened that Massena on September 27th ordered the summit to be carried by storm, sending his men panting up the steeps under the cover of a morning fog, although Ney, Junot and Regnier had earnestly argued against such an effort. Even with the odds of the position heavily against him, Massena came perilously close to winning his point. His advance-guards actually did attain the heights and gave the signal for the rest to come on. At that moment, however, it was revealed that behind the ridge and close at hand lay a much greater body of reserves than Massena had bargained for. They rushed upon the French forces and within a brief time toppled them back down the hill, mingling inextricably with the army that was striving to come up. The slaughter was prodigious —at least, as battles went in those days more than a century ago. The French losses were set at about four thousand. It was a defeat so staggering that Massena made no further effort to approach the sea from that direction and made a circuitous march to Coimbra, where he discovered Wellington already strongly fortified to oppose him again.

It must be added, however, that Bussaco was merely an incidental interruption, valuable chiefly as shaking Massena's confidence in his immutable privileges as "the Darling of Victory". Wellington subsequently fell back from Coimbra, and the decisive engagements against the French did not take place until the armies had deadlocked before the fortifications still perpetuated in memory by the name of Torres Vedras (the Old Towers), much nearer Lisbon.

The events of that momentous September morning are chronicled in blue and white tiling, as I said before, in the great hall of the present palace. Having studied these and having read the available account, it is well to walk out to the scene of the fight, either by way of the Cruz Alta or more easily by the Sula gate to the north and east of the hotel, to view the vast openness of the slopes and the deep vale beyond. It is impossible to avoid admiration for the strategy of the Iron Duke, as he was yet to become, or to withhold wonder for the astounding folly of Massena in attempting to carry by assault a position so nearly impregnable.

A few rods below the Sula gate stands a little monument commemorating the struggle and also a tiny museum containing relics, not too imposing, of the affray. But the real monument is the bare ridge itself, so quiet and deserted now, but for that crowded hour big with fate for Portugal, Spain and France.

I regret to read that the hospitality of the monks was ill requited. The soldiers took nearly everything that was not nailed down when they departed. "Not a thing of any value was left. Besides they stole all the oranges of our two orchards, forced the storehouse and took all our bread and wine, all our honey, a basket of eggs and many other things." The usual outcry arose that the victors "acted as badly as the French—or worse". It is due to Wellington to say that he offered full compensation for whatever the friars lost; but the prior hastily replied that he "asked for nothing but peace", and watched the departure of his troublesome,

but none the less very useful, guests with a thankful heart. To the brethren there fell the onerous task of burying the French dead, who covered the slopes very like leaves that strew the brooks of Vallambrosa.

One does well to get the fatherly concierge to escort him through what remains of the monastic establishment below. It is virtually a cellar for the Bussaco Palace now, but there is a fair amount left to see, including a tiny chapel, the bell of which rings much more often than guests on that side of the house are likely to relish. But one must seek out at some effort the remnant of the ancient shrine. To the casual eye the building is merely a pure white and rather garish palace in the Manueline style, with a slender spire bearing aloft a golden armillary sphere—a wondrous contrast to the abundant greenery of the woods. The spacious gardens behind the house and the charming Manueline portico which they use now as a breakfast porch or a place for afternoon tea complete a pleasing picture, marred only a trifle by the instruments of a local weather station. There is absolutely nothing to see at Bussaco save the hotel, the forest and the battle-ground, but these should be sufficient for anyone. It is *par excellence* the spot for one wearied by sightseeing; and, save in the popular seasons of summer and early autumn, there is likely to be abundant room.

CHAPTER VIII

PORTO

THE journey from Bussaco to Porto is not long. Neither is it especially notable for its scenic beauty until just as you reach the goal. Then it springs all at once to unusual distinction.

Few towns are more dramatic of approach than this ancient capital of the wine industry. You come on it all unsuspecting, for your time-table is delusive in this respect. Some twenty minutes or half an hour before the Guia says you are due there, you find yourself looking directly on Porto from across the river, and you wonder if that can really be your destination. It must be, for it is such a large city that you can account for it in no other way.

The secret, of course, is that it is so near and yet so far. Before the train lands you in the Central station of Porto, it must dally a long time in the freight-yards of Villa Nova de Gaia, immediately across the stream, and thereafter proceed well up the Douro to an amazing steel bridge. Having crossed the river and dallied many more minutes in the outlying suburb of Campanha, it will back you slowly down through a mile or so of smoky tunnel and at last you will have arrived.

THE MARIA PIA RAILWAY BRIDGE, PORTO

The first view of Porto is nearly the best. Although it lies a scant three miles from the ocean, there is no hint whatever of the sea. You are high on the precipitous bluffs of a narrow and crooked river, facing a bluff precisely similar just across the yellow current, on the steep face of which is literally plastered a goodly city, all buffs, blues and dull reds, its rising tiers of houses so wedged together that it seems incredible there can be any streets, or even alleys, below them. The river lies two hundred feet beneath, and toy craft can be seen floating on it. An open space far below on the water-front seems to be alive with crawling figures—insects, one might almost believe, though one knows them for men and yellow oxen. Close at hand, and leaping the yawning chasm of the valley in one giant bound, is perhaps the world's most wonderful bridge—at least, in some respects. It consists of a single arch of steel, fully six hundred feet in span, with a roadway running across its summit from shore to shore, while another roadway far beneath and hanging from the lofty arch suffices to connect the two banks at a level not far above the water. This view of Porto, coming as it does without warning when the train swings into the outlying suburb where port wine is king, is incomparably fine. You will recur to it later again and again, strolling across the great bridge of a morning for the sheer joy of seeing the city as a compact whole in proper perspective.

The other bridge, which the railroad uses, a little farther up the river, is very like this one, save for the absence of the lower highway; and the pair of them, considered as structures of

so unlovely a material as steel, are undeniably picturesque.

We were landed in the rather gloomy station early in the afternoon amid a seething populace all bent on crowding its way to the street as speedily as possible. Cabs there were none at the moment, for the arrivals had exhausted the rank usually standing in the shade below. The best the porter could find after a protracted search was a venerable Ford, but the transit to the Grand Hotel do Porto proved to be well within its powers, despite the sharpness of the grade. Porto is all up and down hill, and the hill is as abrupt as a hill can be and remain habitable by man. One learns that in short order

The tradition of the American Boniface that a satisfied guest is the best advertisement is one which the proprietors of the Grand Hotel do Porto might with some profit consult. We had been warned of the Grand Hotel all the way up, and yet, despite an unpromising portal, we found it a thoroughly good hotel, with very excellent rooms, conveniently placed and accessible with reference to the principal lions of the town. Its table could be improved, however, and the attitude of its personnel most certainly could be bettered. Presumably the last-named defect was what had led so many to utter jeremiads about it. At all events, in the office of the Grand Hotel we came across what proved to be the sole important exception to the Portuguese rule of anxious courtesy and consideration towards travellers—the only experience of the sort one could regret in several weeks of journeying. However,

let us not dwell on that. It has probably been amended by now.

As the afternoon was not far spent, and as the day was fine, the proper course seemed to be to sally forth at once on a tour of inspection. Those who had preceded us had spoken slightingly of Porto and misled us into giving it rather short shrift in making our schedule—a fact for which I have ever since been sorry; for Porto is a distinctly interesting place, and while it offers you little or nothing in the way of architecture and less than nothing in the line of art, it is really one of the most picturesque cities in Europe, alike for situation and for the character of its street life.

We plunged abruptly down the hilly streets toward the open square half-way down, which bears the potent name of Dom Pedro IV and affords a sort of natural civic centre. Dom Pedro landed here when he returned from Brazil. Like so many other cities of Portugal, Porto has a convenient ravine between two summits which it utilizes as a focus for the local activity. A steep thoroughfare comes down into it from the east, pauses momentarily on the meagre level of the little *praça* and then shoots skyward again toward the west, seeking a slender bell-tower, which, from its commanding situation, seems even taller than it is—the granite campanile of Los Clerigos.

Turning abruptly from the little square and plunging once more down a sharp decline is the main highway to the landing beside the muddy Douro—a winding way, up which patient buff-coloured oxen are toiling with heavily laden carts, and down

which equally patient oxen plodding with empty wains.

The ox is the staple motive power of Porto, and in all probability will always be so, despite the advance of the all-conquering gasoline. A motor-truck volleyed and thundered here and there, chugging up the steep; but to every one such vehicle there were hundreds of sleek beasts with the broadest branching horns imaginable—beautiful creatures drawing creaking carts, the two wheels of which groaned over the pavement stones. Nearly every yoke-beam bore an ornamental appendage in the form of an elaborately carved board (the *canga*), often very ancient in appearance and doubtless the owner's pride and joy. The openwork designs of these were infinite, varying from the plain to the florid, many of them picked out with paint and adorned with tufts of feathers.

This is the great distinguishing feature of Porto's street traffic—the ox-team with its ornamental yoke. I suppose in older days the cart-wheels were more frequently of the "pretzel" type, with two broad spokes which one sees so frequently still in the rural districts; but in present-day Porto the cart-wheel is of our familiar modern variety.

By all means go down and down until you round a curve into the region of the river docks. It is undeniably dirty down there, but uncommonly fascinating. Here on a broad stone platform, so worn that the flaggings are carved into deep holes and ruts, stand hundreds of ox-carts waiting their turn to reload. Laden carts are momentarily leaving. Empty ones are constantly returning.

Moored to the quay are half a dozen schooners—the nearest one from St. Johns, Newfoundland, discharging slabs of salt codfish, as hard as boards and nearly as thick, which locally they call *bàrcalo* and esteem highly as provender. Carrying salt fish to a seafaring people like the Portuguese ought to be like carrying coals to Newcastle, but evidently it is not.

Out in the swift current of the Douro lie several small tramp steamers which have braved the tricky bar at the mouth of the river several miles to the westward; the more considerable craft use the adjacent seaport of Leixoës, but a few actually anchor opposite the Porto quays. In addition, there will be seen scores of light boats, the high prows recalling Venice and its gondolas, which ply their trade up and down the river propelled by long sweeps, or using, when the wind is favourable, lateen sails of bright vermilion or sullied red and brown. The general activity, the bustle, the dirt, the combination of smells, all go to make this one of Portugal's most alluring spots. Almost over your head soars that miracle of a bridge, as airily as a spider's web. The old buildings of the lower town go clambering up the adjacent hill-side, all tinted in pale pinks, blues, buffs and dirty-whites, with red-tiled roofs above them—and all around a clinging verdure which somehow finds sufficient soil in which to root itself, though goodness knows where.

We were enchanted with Porto. How could anyone have told me casually in the old familiar formula that I should find it "rather a hole"? There is stupidity enough, of course, in the modern streets

above; but down in this squalid, odorous, bustling dock, defiled by hundreds of oxen and worn by centuries of grinding wheels, it is a spot which, once seen, you will leave behind with reluctance and never after will forget.

There is need of some little courage to inspect the darksome alleys that lie among the ancient buildings on the slopes above the dock, chiefly because they look so brigandish and surmount a lower stratum of cave-like shops in the base of the cliff itself —indeed, it took more courage than Katrina and I had between us, and we accepted the surviving buildings of this water-front district on faith.

As is so commonly the case, the progressive modern time has made inroads on the picturesque costumes of the people, yet there is an occasional survival from older days to be seen passing here and there on the heads and shoulders of the teamsters or the fishermen of the *ribeira*, or water-front district of the town. We found the crowds quiet in demeanour—not the exuberant, clamorous throngs one might expect in similar conditions in Naples, but grave and self-contained, like the sedate oxen they drove. Of course, there were scores of barefooted women, for women are the burden-bearers here as elsewhere in Portugal, and take their part in unloading vessels—head-work, as always, but of a curiously exacting sort.

Only a slab set in the wall suffices to recall the terrible day (March 27, 1809) when down the adjacent hill and out on the fragile pontoon then spanning the Douro poured the panic-stricken populace of the city, hotly pursued by Napoleon's

THE RIBIERA QUAY PORTO

SHOWING THE DOM LUIZ BRIDGE

legions under Marshal Soult. The British had been driven northward to Coruña and their ships. The Spanish forces were scattered. A small remnant of English troops remained in Lisbon. It was Soult's object to clear all Portugal of his foes and consolidate the entire peninsula under the sway of Joseph Bonaparte as King of Spain. Down from the hills swooped the French eagles, and all Porto, after a bid of defiance which was necessarily but a gesture, turned and fled.

Those who were not shot down or sabred reached the frail bridge—and the bridge sank beneath their weight. All told, eighteen thousand identified Portuguese, largely civilians, perished on that miserable day, and a scant two hundred prisoners were taken alive. No one really knows how many more bodies were lost in the Douro and never recovered. For a parallel one must search out the fanciful account of Prescott describing the terrible night in which Cortes and his men made their way out of Tenochtitlan.

Less than two months later there was a satisfying revenge. Sir Arthur Wellesley, of whose exploits one saw some evidence in Bussaco, came swiftly up from Lisbon and appeared unheralded in early May on the heights above the river directly opposite Porto, where stands the convent of Our Lady of the Pillar. His headquarters may still be seen in the half-demolished building hard by the farther end of the modern steel bridge. Wellesley crossed the Douro with his men a few miles up-stream; and Soult, wholly unprepared for this denouément, took to flight, leaving everything, even the dinner which

stood ready for him, but which a comfortable tradition says Wellington (to give him his later title) actually ate.

It should have been explained long before, no doubt, that the modern style " Porto " is really the correct name. " Oporto ", which ruled for years as the common usage, was merely the combination of the Portuguese definite article with the name " o Porto ", or " the Port ". One still sees the old familiar form quite frequently, but the older usage appears to be generally discouraged, and doubtless the change is for the better.

There is little to be said of the city considered as a matter of churches and the like. There is the expectedly grim old Sè, or cathedral, on the heights, now hemmed in by buildings so that it is not easy to obtain a very good view of it, although its two aged towers rear themselves sturdily above the sea of roofs and may most easily be descried from the opposite bank of the river. Much of the work is still, happily, in its twelfth-century simplicity, but, as so often happens, there has been an ill-advised effort at superadded magnificence, which mars the effect. None the less, there is a rather satisfying north door, not entirely spoiled by a porch which subsequent ages thought would be an improvement ; and the cloisters to the south, though small, are distinctly beautiful. One of the images of carved wood carefully preserved within—a statue of the Virgin known as " Our Lady of Alèm " —is said to have been dredged up from the sea by the seiners, and is venerated as a patron of such as go down to the sea in ships. Blue pictorial

tiles, as usual, go to the decoration of the cloister walls.

Sturdiness, as always, is the striking characteristic of Porto's grim cathedral, both without and within. Likewise as usual, it presents the incongruous appearance of having its twin towers unlike in design, or at least in ornamentation; for here, as in several other notable cases, the original plan has been varied by later architects to the extent of redecorating one tower and leaving its mate very nearly as it was. The ancient Moorish battlements remain in the one case and seem far more satisfying than the eighteenth-century additions with which men have attempted to beautify the other.

Portugal suffers, as practically every country has suffered at one time or another, from the supervention of a thoroughly bad period in architecture, but fortunately enough survives undamaged from the twelfth century, in which most of the earlier cathedrals were erected, to give one an idea of the original aspect. Generalizations are likely to be regretted, but it may be said without much rashness that every ancient church in the country presents a fortress-like solidity and impresses one as deficient in both length and breadth. Such old shrines as the cathedrals of Lisbon, Evora, Porto and Braga thus afford an amazing contrast for the famous Spanish cathedral of Santiago de Compostela—to which I propose to refer at more length later—with its prodigious size, its wealth of decoration, and its complete difference of theory; in which connection I should perhaps say that the visitor in Portugal does well to prolong his travels northward sufficiently at

least to enable a few days' stay in Santiago—so easily combined with the Portuguese tour, but so remote from the accustomed track of travellers in Spain.

It seems that the original builders of these Portuguese churches—hurriedly setting up Christian temples on sites so recently devoted to mosques, as they did—were bent on sober sincerity rather than show. They wanted a house of God which should be adequate to the needs of the moment and likewise capable of enduring. The result was everywhere plainness and solidity, against which a reaction was bound to come when the taste of the later people had been affected by the Manueline exuberance. It has taken some courage and not a little money to undo what mistaken architects engrafted on the parent stem.

The other outstanding feature as one surveys the city from afar is that slender bell-tower of Los Clerigos piercing the sky from the summit of the opposite hill, remarkable chiefly for its lofty station. It stands adjacent to a church which has little to commend it. One does well, however, to ascend that hill on which lie the western quarters of the town, and take note of its surroundings, for there is an open-air market hard by which repays a visit if you go early enough in the day. These Portuguese markets are likely to look rather sold-out and forlorn by mid-afternoon, but in the morning they are a delight. There is a bit of a botanical garden there, too, which Herr Baedeker—hard pressed for things to praise—has seen fit to decorate in his text with the admonitory star. Just why he did this it is

difficult to comprehend, for it seems a very ordinary public garden indeed, both in size and contents. The handsome hospital of the Misericordia hard by is said to contain one of the finest paintings in Portugal—possibly a Van Eyck—but entrance proved to be impossible when I was there.

An interesting street in this general neighbourhood is that called Cedofeita, the reference being to the votive church of St. Martin in a suburb of the city which still survives and bears that curious name. The legend is that in 559 the Visigothic King of the Suevii, who were then in control of the district, was converted from Arianism to the Catholic faith by the fact that holy relics of St. Martin of Tours had worked a miracle and cured his only son of an illness. He vowed in such case to erect a church within a year of the time, and did so in hot haste. Hence the popular name of Cedofeita, which is said to be a corruption of "Cito facta"—"built in a hurry".

Porto's handsome central square, in the little hollow between the eastern and western hills, is at the moment of writing undergoing a wholesale restoration and reconstruction which bid fair to make it a most stately and imposing focus for the town. Those who knew it in the older days will hardly recognize it a year or two hence. This and the adjacent streets are the locality for the fine modern shops and, above all, the banks, but they are not the parts of Porto one remembers. There is always that alluring but squalid *ribeira*, and best of all that view of the town from the ruined convent across the Douro, the "Nossa Senhora de Serra do Pilar", which you can reach by a brief

walk across the great bridge and which it would be a great mistake to overlook.

The habitable part of the old convent is a barrack now, but the courteous soldiers will let you cross their parade-ground to the half-ruined buildings, from whose outer balustrade is to be had the very best view of all, with the town glowing in the sun before you, the tall, thin bridge leaping so airily across the chasm, and the toy boats floating on that chocolate stream so many, many feet below.

Porto is a place for walkers. It is too steep for comfortable driving. It is wearying to the legs, but it pays rich dividends in pleasure for the eye. One is told of its former fame for filigree jewellery, but sees comparatively little of it now. One falls back on the certainty of port wine.

Port wine should be at its best in Porto, which gave it its name—and, of course, it really is at its best there, although the ordinary visitor is unlikely to meet it in its most glorious form unless fortunate enough to have letters to one of the merchants' clubs (which for some reason are called " Factories ") or to one of the most famous old houses dealing in this delectable product. Such opportunities are not easily obtained. Yet even to the ordinary mortal, passing through the town on his way to other sites, port wine is still a very imposing thing, usually sold by the " chalice " (calix) for a price very much above the usual wine of the country, but well worth it.

The sound wine of the Douro valley has always been more to British taste than American, and now, of course, practically all of it that is exported goes to London. No one, even if consistently temperate

THE OXEN OF PORTO, SHOWING THE 'CANGA'

in such matters, will leave Porto without at least tasting the vintage which has made this old place so famous and which incidentally gave its name to the side of the ship displaying the ruddy lantern. One's memories of Porto's tawny brew will be pleasant, but subordinate, after all, to that of the age-old water-front, with its clustered vessels, its creaking carts, its well-kept buff oxen with the branching horns, and those amazing carved yoke-boards which after four centuries and more still keep alive in an alien land the memory of the Moors.

It is improbable that many tourists of the hastier type allow sufficient time in Porto to enable a visit to the environs, such as the present commercial port of Leixoës, half a dozen miles away and wholly invisible from the city, or the summer resort of João da Foz, with its beaches, lying just around the corner from the mouth of the Douro. Indeed, for most of us Porto remains virtually an inland city; and the ocean, barely three miles away and easily accessible by tram, might as well be a full thirty miles distant.

All of which is no doubt a pity. Porto needs and deserves more attention than most people see fit to give it. It is the town whence Portugal derives its name, as has been mentioned elsewhere. It was the Portus Cale of the Romans; and, indeed, the transpontine suburb of Villa Nova da Gaia—now the locus of vast warehouses for wine—is reputed to bear in its name the faint traces of that original appellation. Surely an ancient city which has bequeathed so much—christened a nation, created a

famous wine, and imposed itself so indelibly on the navigator's art that its name is constantly in the mouth of every helmsman on the seven seas—merits more than the usual two days which most visitors allow. It has little to show but itself. For all its years—and it must long antedate our era as a settlement of importance—history has left few traditions beyond that of the massacre of 1809. Monuments of compelling note there are none. Yet as a whole it is a city to remember.

CHAPTER IX

BRAGA; BOM JESUS; GUIMARAËS

THE railway ride from Porto to Braga is through a pleasant upland rather than through a country notable for its scenery. One takes an early morning train of thoroughly accommodating character and jolts amiably from one rural station to another. On the morning of our start it was thick o' fog in the deep valley of the Douro, but as the line clambered out of the river region and stretched away toward the north the sky turned blue again and the sun began to warm the world.

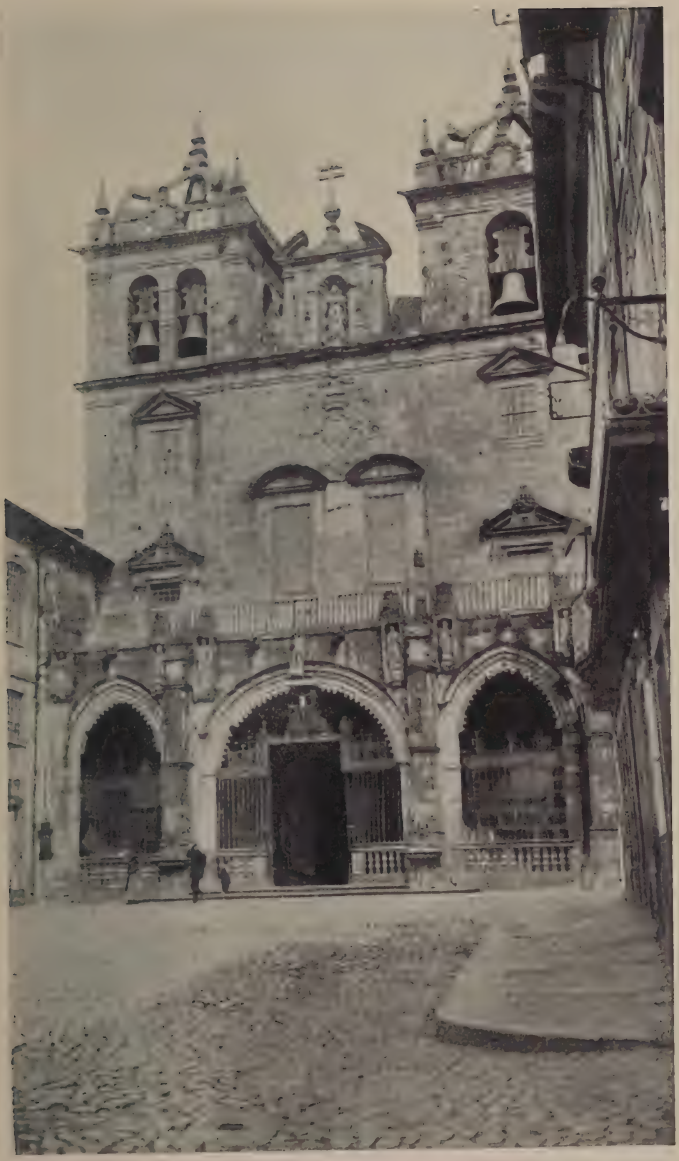
This, the map informed us, was the province "Entre Douro e Minho" (between the Douro and the Minho)—a name which is certainly descriptive but rather cumbrous. It must, then, be the original nucleus of Portugal, since it was here in this corner of the peninsula that the Christian kings took heart of grace and made their last stand against the advancing Moors—a stand which gradually turned into a slow but inexorable process of reconquest. It was this section between the Douro and Minho which Henry of Burgundy first reduced to possession in the name of the King of Leòn; it was this county which the grateful monarch bestowed on the valiant Henry as a sort of satrapy; and it was

in this same territory that Henry took up his abode with his royal consort, Teresa, daughter of the king, making their provincial capital first at Guimaraës and later at Braga. Here was the germ of the Portugal that was to be.

It is entirely possible, and on the whole it may be the very best plan for any traveller who is pressed for time, to change trains on the way from Porto at Tropa, the tiny junction where a line diverges to Guimaraës. He may then see Guimaraës at his leisure, content with what meague comforts the local inn affords, and next day (or whenever the fancy pleases) procure a motor to take him over the sixteen miles or so that subtend Guimaraës from Braga and Bom Jesus. Otherwise one must make the visit to Guimaraës—which, by the way, is well worth doing—later on from Bom Jesus, an all-day motor-trip.

I am quite sure I should elect the former alternative another time; but, being unguided and unadvised in such matters, we ignorantly selected the other plan and went on through Ninè to Braga without pause, not even changing cars at Ninè, since there are through coaches which tempt one perhaps unduly.

At Ninè—which has come to be known familiarly to Katrina and me as Ninny—a swarm of hotel touts representing the Braga inns beset the train with loud clamours for patronage. One does well, I think, to ignore them absolutely. It is best not to accept the hospitality of any inn at Braga, but to arrange beforehand—telegrams are terribly cheap in Portugal—for accommodation at the mountain



THE WEST FRONT, BRAGA CATHEDRAL

resort of Bom Jesus do Monte, possibly four or five miles east of the town, which affords the principal reason for your seeking out Braga at all. At least one of the hotels at Bom Jesus—the Hotel do Elevadòr—is open all the year.

So it happened that, although we had not the wit to advance on Braga by way of Guimaraës, we were able to turn deaf ears to the emissaries of doubtful comfort who wanted to pledge us to the rival hostelries of Duke Henry's ancient capital, confident that someone from the Elevadòr would greet us when the train drew into Braga at the end of the run. And in this we were not disappointed, for a bustling courier bundled us out of the car and hurried us post-haste across the station yard to a waiting Ford, which he gave us to understand was a conveyance preferable to the array of trolleys patiently awaiting patronage hard by.

The Ford proved to be capable, after the manner of its kind, but hardly capacious enough for ourselves and our modest luggage. It was necessary to hold the latter in our laps. Meantime the car jolted its way over uneven pavements, sped under a rather imposing eighteenth-century gate, still called the Porta Nova, and thence along a narrow but picturesque street, allowing us no more than a passing glance at the remnant of an ancient market that must date back to the days when this was a Roman outpost, called Bracara Augusta. Its glory has departed, save that Braga remains a sort of ecclesiastical capital—really the oldest in the Spanish peninsula, and disputing primacy with Toledo.

Little or nothing was to be seen of the local

manufacturing activity which once made Braga a prosperous and thriving town devoted to woollen and cotton textiles. Thriving it still may be, but the impression we derived from the mad career of the Ford through street and square was that of a community somewhat out-at-heels and gone to seed, with grass springing up where no grass should be. More intimate acquaintance we postponed to a later time, and the Ford headed eastward for a line of wooded hills over a road which happily grew better as we left the town behind.

After a few miles of gentle ascent we gained the foot of the abrupt mountain on the wooded shoulder of which stands the famous pilgrim shrine of Bom Jesus. For those who come by trolley it is necessary, at this point, to change to the funicular railway—or, if piously inclined, to make the ascent of the mountain by penitential stairways. This, the traditional method of approach, we discarded in favour of a painful climb by the motor over a road which wound charmingly through dense groves of trees; and in due season we were disgorged in the level plaza before the great pilgrimage church—a place of arching trees and splashing fountains—with the long, rambling, bungalow-like inn standing close beside the upper station of the "Elevadòr", whence, of course, its name. The Ford, boiling merrily by now, turned and went back to Braga.

The inn proved to be clean and very cold. It was not yet the hour sacred to lunch and there was time for an orientation ramble about the precincts of the adjacent shrine. These form a well-kept park, somewhat like that at Bussaco but still devoted

to pious uses. In the season—which means the warmer months—Bom Jesus do Monte is much affected by Portuguese anxious to escape the heat of the plains as well as by men and women in search of surcease from anxieties of the soul. It is a rest-cure as well as a place of penitential retreat. In the early spring we found it all but deserted. The Hotel do Elevadòr had barely half a dozen guests, including besides ourselves an old German professor with a tired-looking wife and a pathetic native couple, evidently there in the faint hope of benefiting the husband's health.

After nightfall it bade fair to be forlorn enough, but for the moment the sun was shining, the water was gushing down the hill-side, and the great bulk of the church, with its twin towers, gleamed whitely from the surrounding greenery of the trees.

There has been a sacred grove and a sanctuary at Bom Jesus ever since the fifteenth century, but the great celebrity of the place is much more recent. It was only in the seventeenth century that men discovered miraculous powers in a carved figure of the Lord, now enshrined in the great church, and the present building itself is hardly older than the Government at Washington.

The penitential stairway, I suppose, is coeval with the church. It descends the mountain from the broad platform just before the shrine, and its odd arrangement of short zigzag flights from platform to platform gives a curious effect, especially when seen from below. On each platform are to be found subsidiary shrines, each containing wooden statues depicting some event in the Passion—often with

excruciating vividness. Indeed, I doubt that any other place is better calculated than this to make the Crucifixion seem a current reality. On each platform also there is a fountain, the water flowing from curiously designed figures on the faces of the wall, usually grotesque pagan effigies, in quaint contrast with the ecclesiastical art of the shrines.

To either hand, just over the wall which encloses the Scala Santa, are groves and gardens of the most enchanting beauty and a most alluring fragrance —a welcome contrast for the painful effigies of the Saviour and his companions on their way to Golgotha. These old-world pleasances suffice also to conceal from view the unlovely structure of the funicular, which nevertheless makes itself manifest by a clatter at regular intervals as the car rattles up or down. And always, far below, stretches the vast rolling plain of Braga like a sea, across which the eye ranges until it is arrested by a shining silver line—unquestionably the Atlantic. One must be dull indeed of soul not to be charmed by the view from the terrace of Bom Jesus, looking down over those billowy tree-tops and those odorous gardens embowered in ilex, acacia, yew and orange-trees, to that illimitable plain in the midst of which the grey buildings of Braga stand half-guessed.

The sacred sculptures culminate in the heroic representation of Christ crucified, which stands above the high altar in the church. It is a vivid picture of the central event in the Christian chronology with many figures—a weeping Mary, with very realistic tears, and some Roman soldiers tossing dice for the Lord's garments; according to the Scriptures.

But the series continues in the little tabernacles which are dotted about in the park above the church to carry the story on through the burial, the resurrection, and the appearance of Jesus to various of his disciples.

The big bare church is hardly to be called interesting, aside from its titanic altar-piece, with its intensely realistic group of sacred figures. Nevertheless it was imposing to us, even though it was practically deserted—in fact, there was but one worshipper, a poor, crippled old man, who knelt motionless for hours. We suspected that this might be a chance for a little practical Christianity, and bestowed upon him what store of paper escudos the family pocket-book could muster at the moment, with the result that I am quite certain one aged Portuguese is convinced beyond the power of contradiction concerning the efficacy of prayer.

To my taste, however, and I think to that of most other visitors, the compelling charm of Bom Jesus lies in the shady park which covers the mountain-side above and behind the church. It is a maze of well-tended paths which wander through the grove, ever ascending, passing a tiny lake and various rustic bowers, until at last you emerge above the trees and look off in every direction across the open country. Still another church a mile or more above the principal shrine stands in commanding majesty on the very summit of the ridge, but we never attained unto it because showers came on and at intervals bathed the vicinity in such deluges of rain that it was never wise to be far from the hotel. A curiously industrial touch intrudes, in the form of

the bottling works of a mineral spring—now apparently inactive—which lies just beyond the sacred precincts. I could wish it away.

I should probably have said long ago that the native pronunciation of Bom Jesus sounds more like Bom Zhayzoos, which sounds rather less startling than a Yankee's "Bom Jeezus" is likely to do. I fancy the name means merely Good Jesus of the Mount. At all events, the place is thoroughly to be recommended for its beauty and for its view. It is a pity to hurry through it, as so many of us must, for one could be very happy at Bom Jesus through an extended stay, especially in warm seasons. In the cold and recurrent rains of early spring there is meagre comfort of an evening in the tiled stove, which does its best to warm the vastness of the hotel living-room. But in the warmer season there would be crowds. Perhaps it is better to brave the altitude—at most it is under two thousand feet—as we did in April and have the place to oneself, taking the chance of the rains which persist in returning after each interval of brightness.

Then, of course, there is Braga down below. One could hardly ignore what might well be called the birthplace of Portugal. It proved easy enough to descend in the funicular and take the tiny electric car into town but we prudently bespoke the guidance of the hotel courier, who knows the points best worth a visit. This is a most wise thing to do, because the cathedral of Braga lies a little to one side of the main thoroughfares of the city, and it is not always easy to find the custodian of its treasures.

Since at Braga one is well on the way to the greatest shrine of St. James (at Santiago de Compostela), where it is confidently supposed his bones repose, it is not surprising to learn that local tradition ascribes to him the institution of this modest Braga church, the original of which is, of course, no longer to be seen, but which is said to have been reared during the lifetime of the Blessed Virgin. The present church is old enough, however, to satisfy the most fastidious taste, and is in some part, at least, of the twelfth century, as appears from the triumphant persistence of its original solidity over the fruitless efforts of much later centuries to add beauty by piling on a variety of architectural agonies.

Curiously enough, these succeed in a measure, especially inside the edifice, where despite much incongruity a general richness of effect has been achieved. One grows accustomed to blue pictorial tiles, already old, though youthful by contrast with the stern grimness of the twelfth century. And that bizarre organ, with its mammoth flaring triumpets and great gilded pipes, somehow manages to fit into the ancient picture much more suitably than one would imagine. In the high choir, which occupies a loft at the westerly end of the church, are to be seen some amazing choir-stalls, carved in every conceivable fashion, the imagination of the makers having apparently run wild to produce angels, cupids, monks and even fabled monsters as the motives of the decoration.

I should rate this cathedral of Braga as among the most interesting in Portugal, vying with the

church of Santa Cruz in Coimbra. For this also is a burial church. In a chapel opening off the tiny cloisters are the tombs of Henry of Burgundy and Teresa of Leòn, the father and mother of the first Portuguese king, Affonso Henriques. The tombs are sufficiently handsome in workmanship to do signal honour to the founders of a dynasty. Even so, there is perhaps an even more general interest for most beholders in the curiously contrived tomb of an old archbishop, the front of which can be pulled open, rather like the drawer of a bureau, to reveal the mummified corpse therein. It is sufficiently discoloured to minimize the shock—indeed, it has rather the look of a dilapidated wooden effigy—but there is still shown a wound in the cheek that is said to have been received when the archbishop was fighting valiantly by the side of John the Great at Aljubarrota, helping manfully to defend Portugal from the Spaniards and contributing his mite to win the crown for the master of Aviz.

It is to be hoped that Archbishop Lourenço de Lorinha—for that was his name in life—does not object to being made a public show, but it seems probable he is well used to it by this time. Aljubarrota was fought in August, 1385, and while it is not claimed that the wound which this militant cleric received at that time was mortal, he must have died rather soon thereafter and has been for nearly six centuries in this unquiet grave, though very probably they did not begin exhibiting him at once. This morbid interest of the Portuguese in bodies long dead has been mentioned before in these pages; and the feeling which led to the exhumation of such

personages as Inez de Castro, Affonso Henriques and others is still actively at work—witness that glass-roofed tomb at Thomàr and sundry royal coffins, similarly equipped, in the mausoleums at Lisbon.

It would be idle to attempt a catalogue of the lesser sepulchres in this church of Braga, but there are many—mostly of clergy attached to the diocese; but mention is usually made of a copper coffin, gilded, with its effigy of a lad of some ten years, which contains the mortal remnant of little Prince Affonso, who died at Braga in 1400.

Aside from the cathedral, which I regard as more satisfactory within than without, there is almost nothing in Braga to detain the visitor. The narrow street with its gate, of which I spoke before, is picturesque, and one is struck by the dominant device employed by the architects—the mitre and the cardinal's hat with tassels—as indicating the city's ancient ecclesiastical eminence. There is one other local church, that of Santa Cruz, which offers a rather fine façade, but nothing else. In short, when you have exhausted the cathedral you have virtually plumbed the depths of Braga's attractions and will be quite ready to take the car back to Bom Jesus. The public square of Braga is depressingly bleak, standing sadly in the need of trees. The streets are distinctly stupid. So far as I could discover, no visitor by any chance ever stays at any of the Braga inns.

Guimaraës is as different as can be. Ill luck sent us a day of pouring rain, but we braved it in a hired car and have never regretted anything save that our

plans had not included a longer stay there. The road thither from Braga is pretty good—for Portugal—and I believe there is some sort of motor-bus for such as prefer that method of conveyance, which makes the trip once or twice a day. I would advise going by your own car, however, and by all means would recommend a fine day for the ride, since the scenery *en route* is extremely pleasant, though pastoral.

If time permits, there is a side excursion to the mysterious ruined city of Citania back in the hills midway. The hills, indeed, afford a rather novel setting, for you find they are closer at hand than they have been in most of the other places which travellers frequent in Portugal and are grander in outline. In the foreground it is a land of corn, wine and olives.

At Taipas, a town of Roman origin about halfway to Guimaraës, there are thermal baths and a modest inn. From there a road of sorts leads into the interior, and those who are curious to see antiquities will doubtless find well worth the trouble the Celtiberian structures surviving on the heights. These the rain forced us to take on faith, as indeed one must take the very name of Citania, for no one is quite sure that the ruined settlement now known by that name is really the one spoken of by Valerius Maximus in his account of a strongly fortified mountain in Lusitania, where the inhabitants defended themselves with unusual bravery. Still, it seems probable enough that this was Citania, and relics of the Celtiberian period have been unearthed in other places in the neighbourhood. This curious

upland stronghold is supposed to have antedated by a long time the Roman occupation—like the Etruscan sites in Italy—and the remnants include not merely pavements and the groundwork of buildings, but in some cases walls of considerable height, which show a strange construction of square buildings enclosing circular ones, the use of which is in dispute. As a place for defence, Citania has commanded unstinted praise from those who have seen it, and the accounts are such as to make it highly alluring, given good weather and abundant time, as probably resembling in some remote way the sort of thing one finds at Mycenæ.

We were doomed by the rain to pass this by and to continue at a smart pace to Guimaraës, which we found prettily situated on a little stream and dominated by a grim old castle which towered out of the mists on a hill just behind the town—a far stouter stronghold than that of King Diniz at Leiria—where of old dwelt Duke Henry and Teresa during the boyhood of their son, who was destined to inaugurate a long line of actual kings. It is nearly the ideal castle of the storybooks—granite-walled and provided with strong bastions, the battlements of which appear to be monolithic. The effect is cyclopean, and even in its ruin the building is regal.

Guimaraës is naturally far older than Portugal itself. It was settled in remote antiquity and became known to historians chiefly for a monastery of Benedictines founded in the tenth century, around which monkish establishment grew up the mediæval city, which later fell to Duke Henry as a marriage portion and still later became a cherished

fief of the Dukes of Braganza, to whom we owe the second long-lived dynasty of Portuguese monarchs.

The present city is charming—far more so than Braga. Despite the drizzle, which now threatened to become a deluge, the exploration of the main thoroughfares proved a delight, from the sunken market-place near the entrance of the town to the long, crenellated wall which is supposed to have formed part of the old monastic enclosure. Many bits survive from the Middle Ages, including an ancient church which may have belonged to the Benedictine order—the townspeople at all events so regard it. It boasts a jumble of Greek and Byzantine adornment. There is much charm also in the irregular *praça* and in the sixteenth-century Town Hall, with its low-arched arcades.

The rain soon drove us from the streets to the shops, however, and there appeared another pleasure more to Katrina's taste than mine, for the peasant linens and embroideries of Guimaraës are famous, though curiously enough one seeks them in vain elsewhere. Our demands at Lisbon and Coimbra for Guimaraës work had proved fruitless, but here it was in its ultimate perfection—heavily adorned bed-spreads, towels, pillow-cases and the like, all of a sort to enthral any lover of such wares. Why should such exquisite things be confined to the tiny town of their origin? There was no buying Guimaraës work even in Braga, so near at hand. For it one must go to Guimaraës itself—which my Portuguese friends appear, by the way, to pronounce rather like Gheemaraish, although that mark over

the "e" should connote an "n" and make it Guimaraens.

Over these linens we lingered until it was time to start for home, the rain growing heavier and heavier as the day advanced. So I am reserving Guimaraës for the next time—if there ever is a next time—and Citania too. Likewise the Celtic relics, in a museum which we could not find, which are claimed to include a stone rudely carved with mysterious characters, thus far defying interpreters, but certainly not to be confused with Mr. Pickwick's find of "Bill Stumps his Mark". It may be that this is Portugal's Rosetta stone, destined to unlock some musty chamber of historic record, but if so the talent to read the mystery appears still to be withheld. If this is the Celtiberian alphabet it eludes the experts.

How agreeable it would be if it were Guimaraës, rather than Braga, that lay close to the foot of the mountain where stands the shrine of Bom Jesus! Give Guimaraës Braga's cathedral and she would have everything, whereas Braga would have nothing. The combination of the stout old castle of Duke Henry with that extraordinarily interesting church in which he and his queen lie buried would make Guimaraës one of the world's famous towns, instead of leaving it to one side of the main stream of travel. As it is, the sylvan charms of Bom Jesus afford the real magnet, and Braga profits mainly because it happens to lie in the pathway thither. Guimaraës one has to seek out, and altogether too few have been doing it.

Very probably with the lapse of time and the slow development of Portuguese highways this defect will

be rectified. A decade or two of really stable government and really far-seeing administration would direct the voyager naturally from Porto northward through Guimaraës first, and finally to Bom Jesus, by providing a really excellent motor-road which will emerge eventually at Valença on the northern border and make more easy than at present the long jaunt to Vigo and the famous sites of far north-western Spain.

CHAPTER X

NORTH-WESTERN SPAIN; SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

BRAGA and its environs will, for most visitors, furnish the northernmost point in Portugal which offers sufficient interest to merit inspection. The problem, then, is whether to turn back toward Porto and proceed thence to Spain, or elect to push on into that remote north-western corner of the peninsula which is still Spanish, to visit the otherwise rather inaccessible shrine of St. James at Santiago de Compostela.

I suspect that most of us who get as far as Braga adopt the latter alternative, which is strongly to be recommended. Santiago does not fit very easily into the usual itinerary of Spanish travellers, but it does suit admirably the convenience of those who have been in Portugal, or who are planning to go there after landing in Vigo, the only important port of Spain on the Atlantic coast. At all events it was the plan which appealed most to Katrina and me when we felt that we had exhausted the delights of Bom Jesus do Monte and felt the urge to move along.

One has to make a long and arduous day of it, although the linear distance between Braga and

Vigo is by no means very great. If the journey be made by rail it involves more waiting at junction-points than actual travelling. Bearing in mind the questionable excellence of the roads and the family propensity to worry about belated arrivals, we rejected the suggestion to motor along to Vianna do Castello—which one may do if so disposed—and take the train there. It seemed wiser to rise with the sun and go down to the main line at Ninè by the early morning train.

By way of helpful hints, and speaking as one enlightened by experience, I would further suggest that a modest provision of bread and fruit be taken along as your material for luncheon *en route*. The early breakfasts of the Hotel do Elevadòr are not long remembered by the inner man and inner woman, and the day will be far spent before you find yourself possessed of both leisure and access to a restaurant at Valença, the Portuguese frontier. By all means, then, a little bread, a cake or two of chocolate, and some oranges. The railway line northward from Ninè is not exactly a main route of travel, and the dining-cars, with their inescapable blue china, do not penetrate to this part of Portugal.

We descended the face of the mountain in the funicular and trolleyed into town through the mists of early morning—a crowded trip, shared by the native multitude on its way to work. At Ninè one must wait an hour and a half, and there should have been some way to get an additional validating stamp on the Cook's ticket covering the remainder of the way to Valença, but apparently there wasn't one. I besought various obdurate *guichets* in vain,

and more than exhausted my vocabulary of Portuguese in the attempt. The local assertion was that no further stamping was necessary.

That, however, proved not to be the opinion of the train conductor when at last we got under way again; and the debates over what had to be done by us to avoid being unceremoniously put off the car were conducted by five interested gentlemen among our fellow-passengers, all animated by the national desire to please. A composition was ultimately effected involving a sum of money which looked perfectly appalling when expressed in reis, but which amounted in fact to something like $3.12 American. Meantime the train trundled amiably northward, across a country where the low-lying meadows bore a surprising traffic conducted in boats. These graceful craft, with the high prows so redolent of the gondola and the triremes of old, were floating in narrow channels, but from the train they had all the look of being on land.

Vianna, the only considerable town on the way northward, proved to be a pretty seaside place with evidences of commercial activity supplemented by an array of suburban villas along a great and resounding beach, where the Atlantic piled up an imposing surf. Thence the line followed the shore, until at last it gained the mouth of the Minho and turned abruptly inland there, leaving behind some distinctly picturesque and pointed islands. The river narrowed, revealing on its farther bank a boldly mountainous shore which we knew for Spain.

At Valença, the frontier station, it proved to be necessary to alight and wait for perhaps two hours

more—an interval which, although it was now well along in the afternoon, we sought to devote to lunch. The café in the station had apparently retired for its siesta, but a reluctant maid eventually undertook to procure omelet and wine. The wine remains in my recollection as incomparably the sourest I have ever tasted. Meantime a most efficient porter managed to secure the all-important validations on what was left of the Cook's ticket; and an imposing Portuguese official, wearing several hundred dollars' worth of gold braid, condescended to append to the family passport his official exequatur—for the modest fee of about twenty-five cents. We were free at last to depart, awaiting only the apologetic little train which takes one for an inconsiderable distance across the international bridge and thence to another junction.

The Spanish officials naturally go through your belongings immediately after you cross the river, at the station for Tuy. The village of Tuy is rather remote, but looks fascinating with a bulky church and a redoubtable castle. It may be a pity to pass it by, but one must. The immediate concern is with the gendarmes who conduct the customs examinations, and who have so few excitements that the process is exalted into an impressive rite. It is not, however, to be dreaded. The thing that gave us more concern by far was the evident indisposition of the little train to proceed to Guillarey, the next junction-point, where we should find in due season a train for Vigo. However, we need not have worried. There had been a change of schedules, so that instead of barely

time enough to change at Guillarey we were destined to linger there for another hour and a half, the sole entertainment discernible being in the form of Benedictine and biscuits. The Vigo train finally arrived and disgorged us at its destination long after the shades of night had descended. The journey had consumed a full twelve hours—actual distance, I suppose, about one hundred and fifty miles all told.

However, Vigo proved to be worth the trouble. Its hotel, the Continental, had the spacious Spanish habit of announcing dinner at nine—and the dinner was good. It would have been good even if we had not been virtually without food since the night before. The energetic manager spoke a useful brand of English.

As for the town, as it stood revealed next morning, it was beautifully situated, providing a quaint mixture of ancient and modern. The great feature is the broad river—virtually a bay at this point—on the southern shore of which the city stands. The bay is sheltered from the ocean by some bold islands, far-seen in the west, and the depth of the harbour is sufficient to permit very respectable liners to anchor. Several lines run from Vigo to New York and to northern Europe, so that it is quite feasible to make Vigo the port of entry on a trip to either Portugal or Spain, as very many do.

I would, however, speak in this connection a word of caution to travellers proceeding south. There appear to be frequent misapprehensions on the part of such concerning the connections to be made with Portuguese trains at Valença, so that

now and then people who had expected to proceed at once on reaching that frontier town have discovered that the Porto train had already left and that the sole recourse remaining was to spend a night in uncomfortable local rooms, for which an exaggerated price was demanded. Therefore, if the reader plans his journey in that direction, it is well to be thoroughly sure of the time-table before starting, to avoid unpleasant surprises.

There is almost nothing to be seen in Vigo save the water-front activities and the older quarters of the city, which lie well to the westward. The modern portions of the town, now rapidly building up, are fine and imposing, but are utterly devoid of anything to hold the attention of the sightseer. The interesting sights are all elsewhere, and are at their best in the ancient parts of the city, where the fishermen most do congregate. The great stone quay in front of the Continental is all very well, with its coastwise steamers loading and discharging and its stream of people from the custom house; but to see Vigo at its best, walk westward along the waterside and around the curve of the shore until you attain the foot of the steep hill on the face of which rise, tier on tier, the venerable stone buildings dating from an older day. There is a tiny inner basin of the harbour, just at the foot of the teeming hill-side, in which a multitude of fishing-boats find shelter. On the mud flat close by an antiquated steam launch, hauled up, is having something done to its propeller. On the paved plaza will be found a congregation of chaffering fisherfolk, disputing eagerly over the sale

of their catch. Under the low arcade where the buildings begin one will discover aged women mending nets, old men cutting bait, others cleaning and dressing fish. There is a very ancient and a fish-like smell. One walks warily, for the mud is slippery. Anon it rains—if it be the spring season—for rain is lamentably characteristic of the climate of this corner of Spain, as we found to our sorrow. The arcade, however, gives convenient shelter from the showers and the local colour is prodigiously impressive at every turn. One begins to see the dour Basque faces, topped by the flat black cap which suits the Basque face so well and looks so queer on the head of the American tourist.

Sharply ascending streets through the maze of venerable houses lead back to the new and dressed-up parts of Vigo, but I am quite certain you will vote the great charm to reside in the older quarters. I recall with nearly equal pleasure, however, a huge central market just behind the Continental as forming a sort of bridge between the old and the new.

There is no "starred" church; there is no museum. Nevertheless I call Vigo charming, and should be far from unwilling to land there when on my way to this part of Europe. As so often happens, one must be brought ashore from the larger liners in boats or tenders, but as a point for landing it would be difficult to suggest one more picturesque. In many ways the situation of Vigo reminds me of Patras, save that one misses the bare Greek mountains.

It is Vigo's fate to be mainly a way-station in the traveller's pilgrimage—a convenient centre. A

day or two will suffice amply for its sights, even including brief local excursions by land and sea. The best of all will be found that which takes you away from town by motor-omnibus through the valley of the Vigo River, past the pleasant town of Pontevedra, and thence over several ranges of imposing hills to Santiago de Compostela. One may go to Santiago by train, but pray do not! It is a thoroughly beautiful ride by bus, the road is excellent, the vehicle is comfortable, and the distance is not quite sixty miles. The service is reasonably frequent and the charges are moderate. It is well, of course, to book your place some time before the hour of starting—a matter to which the Continental porter will attend.

Our pilgrimage over this route began on a Sunday afternoon in a downpour of rain, which latter accompanied us drearily enough as far as Pontevedra. There it ceased, and the sun emerged to gladden the eye with an extensive view over a broad, green, rain-washed landscape. The first-class compartment of the bus was only comfortably filled, but the ampler spaces of the second-class toward the stern were simply awash with humanity homeward bound. Full as it was, there seemed always to be room to crowd in one more, and people were always boarding the omnibus as it proceeded through upland villages. Two swarthy Basques who had been celebrating in town sang insistently, their voices coming faintly through the glass partition which divided the first-class sheep from the second-class goats. They slapped each other's backs in maudlin good-humour.

Some three hours later the lumbering coach surmounted the last ridge of hills, and there opened before us a great undulating plateau, in the midst of which, towering out of a huddle of town buildings, soared the majestic spires of the famous cathedral of St. James, patron of the Spanish nation. Steel-blue clouds loomed overhead, somehow suggestive of the Basque caps. The rain threatened to renew, and presently did so. The bus halted at its appointed place and refused to go farther.

However, there were willing porters at the bus terminal who would bear our luggage on clattering trucks to the Hotel Suizo, and the distance was not great; it was merely perplexing. I was not long in discovering that although Santiago is a tiny town, it is so crooked and so walled-in as to its winding streets that it is a simple matter to get lost. It took me the better part of two days to master the geography sufficiently to lead myself back to the Suizo—a humble inn, as cold as a tomb, but pronounced the better of the two locally available. At least it was clean. Its main defect was that its proprietor attempted to do everything himself and do it all at once, with the result that very little was done at all. Much more efficient were his corps of waitresses—buxom, red-cheeked women whose wholesomeness was a delight to the eye.

It was now late afternoon, but we learned that, as usual, dinner would not be accessible until nine o'clock at the earliest. What the Spanish *caballero* finds to do between the time when he knocks off his day's work and the time when he condescends

to dine I cannot imagine; but the fact is that nine o'clock is regarded by him as almost too early, and he is likely to sit down to his evening meal at about ten, or maybe eleven.

The interval of time being so considerable, it seemed wise to seek out the cathedral, where there would probably be some vespers, and with that in view we set out.

Our success was meagre. Owing to the narrowness of the streets and the height of the houses there was not a sign of the great church to be seen. One heard bells, but as there are three or four dozen ecclesiastical structures of various kinds in Santiago, all equipped with numerous bells, the clamour of a bell means little or nothing. One is always ringing. We headed back toward the offices of the Empresa Castromil—the omnibus company—and thence through a variety of narrow thoroughfares, tiny squares, arcaded streets, always over pavements worn so deep in ruts and hollows that it was imperative to watch the step. Puddles beset the unwary foot at every turn.

Baedeker's map of the town is on so small a scale that it is of little or no use to the novice. Besides, it gives no clue as to the location of the Hotel Suizo, so that you cannot even find a starting-point. We walked aimlessly on, for I dislike asking questions, especially when I have so little Spanish at my command that my questions are likely to be as incomprehensible to the natives as their answers are to me. We finally came out at a place whence we could see the cathedral, but it was half a mile away on quite the other side of the town.

Back, then, into the labyrinth of buildings, to try again. This time we fared no better, and emerged away over behind the cathedral, near the Convento de St. Augustin.

The truth is that the cathedral is situated not far from the middle of the town, and isn't five minutes away from the Suizo, if you know the road. You can approach it from behind by following a curving street northward and westward from the hotel, but the best of all ways is to walk down to the old Plaza del Toral, with its mediæval fountain —quite in the opposite direction. Thence you have a choice of three rudely parallel streets leading back through the town, but will do best to select the Rua del Villar, with its arcaded shop-fronts and its well-worn pavement. At a turn in the street you will perceive a lofty tower. Make for that, for it is one of the towers of the cathedral.

Even so, this brings you only to the southern side of the church, and it is naturally most impressive of all from the front, where it faces the imposing square dedicated of old to Alfonso XII. However, you cannot enter the cathedral of St. James from its front, save on ceremonial occasions. You must gain access to its interior by one of its side portals, preferably the southern Puerta de Platerias—your natural approach if you have come by the Villar street.

The cathedral of Santiago de Compostela is a truly noble edifice, the less churchly and less satisfying to my taste because it is not Gothic, but so vast and so elaborately adorned that it must impress. It is accounted the most important

example of early Romanesque architecture in Spain—or for that matter anywhere. It was begun in 1080, or thereabouts, and was all of two hundred years in building, occupying the site of the supposed tomb of St. James the Apostle. The most plausible explanation of the curious name, Santiago de Compostela, is that it represents a corruption of "San Iacomo Apostolo", although the romanticists have been busy with the topic and have suggested that it is derived from *campus stellæ*—referring to some guiding star which directed the original projectors to the appropriate site where lay the bones of the saint.

It would be an endless task to describe the details of this enormous and somewhat over-decorated cathedral, and I shall not even attempt it. The western façade, as we see it now, was added in the eighteenth century and is in the exuberantly overdone style then in vogue—a lofty gable between two towers, also overdone, which measure two hundred and thirty feet in altitude and bear aloft their quota of bells. The whole stands high above the level of the public square, so that a noble staircase is needed to lead up to the main entrance, the Portico de la Gloria; and in the space beneath the great vestibule is a sort of subterranean church (*Iglesia baja*), to which no doubt you will penetrate later on, when making your tour of the cathedral in company with some sacristan.

On either side of the church proper there are lofty wings—that to the south housing the library and chapter hall, enclosing the spacious cloisters of the church, and that to the left serving as the

THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

archbishop's palace. The latter is disfigured to outward view by the addition of a glassed-in balcony, but this inelegant feature doubtless contributes to the comfort of the ecclesiastic in charge by utilizing the warmth of the sun.

Although the Jubilee Year had ended, we discovered that one might also still gain entrance from the back of the chancel through the Puerta Santa—a narrow and unimposing portal, but exceedingly convenient. It is supposed to be closed during the twenty-five-year intervals subtending the Jubilee celebrations.

Inside, the church is extremely impressive, although, as usual in Spain, the sweep of the nave is blocked by the intrusion of the choir, with its lofty screen and elaborately carved stalls. The Capilla Mayor, with its high altar, naturally occupies the curve of the apse, fronting the choir, and the spacious transepts—in breadth greater than the nave and aisles together—give the best really unobstructed view of the interior. Directly under the high altar is the crypt containing the tomb of the Apostle, before which it is rare not to find at least one adoring worshipper.

We made the traditional round of the edifice in the company of one of the sacristans—a thing which, of course, it is primarily necessary to do. There is a great deal to see—most of it rather tasteless—in the way of detail, starting with the high altar, which is said to represent more than half a ton of pure silver, and working one's way along past a series of side chapels to the Portico de la Gloria, or vestibule of the nave—an amazing

work attributed to a single hand, that of Maestro Matteo, who is said to have given twenty years to this task, completing it in 1188. Viewing the wealth of ornamentation and the extraordinary number of scupltures which go to its decoration, one cannot wonder that this work required a score of years. It seems more probable that it required forty. I cannot now recall how many effigies there are, or whom they represent, save that the central figure between the doors is of St. James, and that among the kneeling figures behind the central pillar is alleged to be a portrait of Master Matthew himself. And who's to blame the man? Have not the religious artists of all time delighted to introduce their own faces into holy scenes? Taking the portico as a stupendous whole, it is supposed to represent the appearance of Our Lord on the Day of Judgment, with the traditional appendages to either hand showing the elect in heaven and the damned in a peculiarly uncomfortable hell, with purgatory spanning the chasm.

The portico is one of the few bits of detail which repays prolonged study. In the main the non-technical beholder will find the greatest charm in the fabric as a gigantic whole, whether viewed from without or within. I cannot feel the same affection for a Romanesque church so heavily embroidered with additional baroque that I usually feel for a purely Gothic shrine—such, for nearby examples, as the great and isolated cathedral of Lèon or that of Burgos. Nevertheless there is an undeniable majesty about Santiago, which even the too-closely-approaching buildings of the town

do not suffice to obscure; and the distant views of those stately towers, framed in chance vistas of city street, are charming indeed.

The huge censer, six feet or so in height, which used to hang at the crossing in the centre of the crucial axis of the nave, is no longer suspended there, but is to be seen in the apartments adjacent to the cloisters. I could not quite follow the torrential explanation vouchsafed by the guide, but understood that it had been found dangerous to use this Brobdignagian vessel because of the chance of fire. It was the custom to swing this censer in a vast circle by the use of a rope on state ceremonials of the church—notably at Easter.

The cloisters, very spacious and very lofty, are sixteenth-century work and are mainly Gothic. They were built by Archbishop Fonseca and have few equals anywhere. Opening from them on the side toward the public square are the library and chapter house, containing numerous relics of interest and hung with ancient tapestries that are a delight.

Whether or not Spain takes the same interest and has the same simple faith in the legends of St. Iago that she manifested during a more naïve epoch I cannot say, but the legends are numerous enough. It is said that St. James ("the Greater") came to the Pillars of Hercules on his mission to preach the Gospel to all peoples even during the life-time of the Virgin Mary, and pursued his calling throughout the peninsula until his death near Santiago. The accounts, however, are conflicting. The more common statement is that this famous son of Zebedee was martyred in Jerusalem

about the year A.D. 44, being the first of all the Apostles to be done to death for his teachings. Spain prefers to believe otherwise. Even after his death James often appeared to the faithful, always mounted on his white charger and lending ghostly aid against the Moors.

As before remarked, Santiago is rich in priestly activities. There are about forty establishments of one sort or another in the city devoted to sacerdotal purposes. The structures hemming in the great square in front of the cathedral, however, are partly civil, and include a hospital on the northerly side of the plaza, which dates back to 1500 and well repays such partial examination as its uses for sanitary purposes will permit. The plaza is a very stately square, but the cathedral easily dominates it, as indeed it dominates the entire town. Not very far down the street which leads south from the square, on your right as you go from the cathedral, is the old Fonseca palace, now a medical school—likewise well worth one's while to visit because of its charming patio. But the building which, next after the cathedral, demands studious attention is, in my judgment, the church and convent of St. Martin—more especially the church, with its unusual wood carvings in the choir and its highly elaborate altar sacred to St. Escolastica.

Most of us remain too brief a time in Santiago and all of us live to regret it. The town as a whole is fascinating, and, of course, one cannot go back too often to the cathedral. Part of the trouble is the meagre comfort of the inn and part the climate. This corner of Spain is cold and rainy at the time

when most visitors are likely to come, and at other times is said to be insufferably hot. I should say that one might spend a week very happily there, always finding some new bit to marvel at by merely strolling about. For example, there is that rural church of Santa Maria de Sar (you must roll the final "r" determinedly if you wish cabmen to comprehend your meaning), with its amazingly stout buttresses, which stands in a lowly meadow outside the town. It takes its name from the Sar River, a mysterious little stream which is always appearing and disappearing. To the church of San Lorenzo we found it impossible to go because it is now on private property of the Duke of Terra Nova, and the owners had seen fit to bar the gate. In such cases one usually does well to apply in the forenoon for admittance, whether in Spain or in Portugal.

Few towns that I have ever seen contain so much that is of interest in proportion to the size of the place—and none surely contains more. Santiago may have as many as twenty-five thousand people, but it is a compact little place and not fatiguing to the pedestrian, since it is devoid of any toilsome hills. Speaking generally, it is nearly all shrine—a place of pilgrimage, with the tomb of the martyred saint as its Holy of Holies.

There are two things to do when you feel that Santiago holds no more for you. You may take the railroad or the omnibus back to Vigo and go thence either back to Portugal or over into Spain. Or you may take another omnibus operated by the estimable Castromil—or perhaps hire a car for yourself, if abundantly supplied with this world's

goods—and venture north to Coruña. Well, why not? You are up in this tiny corner of Spain and very possibly will never be there again. It is an easy ride to Coruña, and if anything a finer ride than that from Vigo proved to be. By all means continue to Coruña, which lies only about two hours away. Thence there is a good daily train to Madrid, and seasoned travellers will not even balk at being set down in the middle of the night at Leòn to visit the cathedral there.

Having adopted the Coruña alternative, I recommend it without hesitation. There is rather more to see at the northern seaport than at Vigo, and the road thither, winding over bold hills, the sides of which are gay with broom and heather, is splendid. It is as unlike the heart and the southern portions of Spain as anything can be. Moreover, Coruña is historically famous as the burial-place of Sir John Moore, who perished in the rearguard action fought in 1809 to cover the flight of the British regiments to their ships.

Coruña—I adhere to the Spanish spelling rather than the familiar British rendering of "Corunna"—is a pretty town, all white walls, red roofs and glassed-in balconies. It lies on the inner side of a peninsula that thrusts itself northward into the Atlantic Ocean and faces on a landlocked harbour of much beauty, alive with the tiny craft of local fishermen and gladdened several times a month by the visit of a lordly liner. In summer it is gay with holiday-makers. In the winter and spring it appears to be sought out by tourists from the north, chiefly from England, which is here but two or three

days distant. There is at least one very eligible inn on the plaza beside the harbour—the Atlantic Hotel—managed by an energetic and obliging Italian.

As at Vigo, the older parts of the town are best worth seeing. They lie on the northerly verges of the city, where the ancient walls defend Coruña from the sea and where a shady park contains the tomb—or possibly only the cenotaph—of Sir John, with a simple Latin inscription[1] of that satisfactory kind that you can translate for yourself without looking up a single word. The aged churches of Santa Maria and Santiago, unspoiled and in their twelfth-century simplicity, form probably the chief allurement, with their quaintly sculptured doorways. By all means enter both, but the more northerly one has the more interesting interior and a willing custodian shows it to advantage. Then, if the showers hold off for a sufficient space, seek out the open pastures to the western side of the tongue of land on which Coruña stands and view the broad Atlantic from the commanding headland crowned with the Tower of Hercules. The latter is a lighthouse now, but the lower portion is an ancient Roman work. It is isolated and alone, almost four hundred feet above the ocean and therefore far-seen by mariners. The common name, Tower of Hercules, is purely fanciful so far as can be discovered.

Coruña is very old, probably of Iberian origin. The present name presumably derives from Caronium, which it was called in the Middle Ages when

[1] "Johannes Moore, Exercitus Britannici Dux, Prælio occisus A.D. 1809."

it came under the sway of the caliphate of Cordova; but the French maps usually give it with the spelling which leads old-fashioned British sailors to refer to it as "The Groin". It has been a notable scene of various important occasions. It was here that John of Gaunt landed in 1386 to lay claim to the Castilian throne in the name of his daughter, who had married Peter the Cruel; and it was from this port that Philip II set sail in 1554 to marry Queen Mary Tudor of England. In 1588 the Spanish Armada took its departure from Coruña—most of it never to return. But what most of us inevitably associate with the town is the death and burial of Sir John Moore, because in addition to dying gloriously he had the felicity to be celebrated by a competent bard in an ode which has always caught the popular fancy. Fortunate the captain, or colonel, or knight-at-arms whose deeds are thus embalmed in man's memory!

It is a twenty-hour trip from Coruña to Madrid in the express which departs every afternoon; and the portion of the journey which lies within the remaining period of daylight seems to me one of the finest, from the scenic standpoint, in Spain. Its one defect is that it passes through Leòn in the small hours of the morning, reducing the prospect that one may be tempted to alight there and see one of the most splendid Gothic churches in the peninsula. Its great merit is that it lands you in Madrid early in the forenoon, glad enough to taste the comforts of that modernized and altogether stately capital—a Madrid so different from the one I knew a score of years ago.

CHAPTER XI

SOME HELPFUL HINTS

THE tour of Portugal lends itself naturally to combination with the tour of Spain, and by most people will be planned with that in view. For American visitors it is probably best to begin with Portugal, since there are several lines which make either Lisbon or Vigo ports of call and since Lisbon is also included in the itinerary of many of the popular cruising steamers. For such as go direct by the regular lines, either the French steamers to Vigo or the Italian and Austrian steamers which ply between New York, Boston and Lisbon, either route will be found expeditious and reasonably comfortable, although naturally the boats are smaller and less pretentious than those of the more-frequented routes.

For visitors landing in Vigo it is to be recommended that they proceed into north-western Spain to see Coruña and Santiago de Compostela before invading Portugal. This involves a very rewarding motor-trip, either by omnibus or privately chartered car, over an excellent and very beautiful road to points ordinarily rather inaccessible to Spanish travellers. Returning thence to Vigo, the route southward would include the places which everyone

in Portugal goes to see, in reverse order by contrast with that followed by tourists coming up from Lisbon and that adopted in the previous chapters of this book.

Certain fundamentals ought to be grasped beforehand as making against possible disappointments. Travel in Portugal is not particularly difficult, yet is not altogether easy. The country is far from having learned, to the degree that more frequented lands have done, what the ordinary tourist regards as essential to modern comfort; but this, it should be added with appropriate haste, is the price one must always expect to pay for that condition of "unspoiledness" of which we profess to be in search when we seek out the few corners of Europe which still remain untouched by the annual inundation of sophisticated pleasure-seekers.

Let it be understood, then, that in the smaller towns there is sure to be more or less primitiveness in the hotel accommodations; that the roads, especially in the southern parts of the country, are wretchedly out of repair and do not invite to a general use of the motor as a means of locomotion; that there are almost no art galleries and few museums to tempt the sightseer as he is tempted in other countries; that the vast majority of the people with whom he will have contact will speak nothing but Portuguese, being largely innocent of that useful dialect which we may call "travellers' French"; and finally that one must, for the sake of prudence, make liberal allowance for the Portuguese notion that time is not a valuable thing.

Then, by way of compensation, let it be added that if the hotels, outside the larger cities, are primitive and often chilly, they are as a rule clean; that the railroad service, if not rapid, is reasonably punctual and that the trains are far from overcrowded; that the beauty and fertility of the country amply atone for its dearth of artificial allurements; that the architecture affords an adequate substitute for the paintings and sculptures one usually associates with the idea of foreign travel; and lastly, that the visitor's lack of facility in using the native speech will be met by a universal eagerness on the part of the people to serve him. I doubt that there exists in the world a race of people more anxious than the Portuguese to extend the utmost of courtesy and kindness to the stranger within the national gates.

As has been remarked at various points in the foregoing narrative, what Portugal needs most of all if she is to turn tourist visitation to profitable account in the way that others do is a good trunk system of improved highways from north to south, coupled with better inns at the appropriate points where such do not already exist. Until Portugal provides these—and she is beginning to do it—the Portuguese tour will be for the hardier breed of travellers who are glad to find one spot on earth that isn't too sophisticated and who will cheerfully put up with whatever incidental discomforts such conditions necessarily entail. In short, if you go to Portugal do not expect impossibilities, and you will probably end by saying that you found things much better than you ventured to hope. There is

about it all an unstudied charm to which most who know Portugal are glad to testify.

The difficulties imposed by an unfamiliar language will be minimized appreciably if the traveller knows any Spanish. That tongue is sufficiently similar to Portuguese to be understood, and anyone who speaks or reads it tolerably well can generally manage to make his wants known, although this does not guarantee that he will in turn as readily comprehend what is said to him. He will find the Portuguese newspapers intelligible, and will experience little difficulty with street signs and posters. The usual length of stay in Portugal, however, is so brief as to discourage any serious attempt to master the native speech. One is unlikely to spend two or three months in a process of intensive study merely to assist a pilgrimage which will consume a scant three weeks, or a month at most, before emerging into Spain. A rudimentary knowledge capable of dealing with the cardinal numbers, hot and cold water, sleeping-room requisites, the outstanding features of the great food question, and a collection of miscellaneous nouns relating to wares in the shops almost any traveller will acquire in the school of hard knocks—and will speedily forget within a week after coming away.

Of course, there are phrase-books which one may buy and con at leisure, these being of sufficiently diminutive size to be carried in the pocket. To produce this epitome of useful knowledge at need and find in it at once the precise expression demanded by an emergency, however, is a gift possessed by few.

I own a red-covered *Manuel da Conversação*—there is a fixed delusion in the Portuguese mind that a word ending in *ão* should be pronounced as if it ended in "n"—which, like most such works, specializes in words which by no stretch of the imagination can be thought likely to be of any use to the tourist. If I were liable to want some bird-lime to make snares for feathered songsters I could ask for it. The book kindly tells me the words for a dispenser of holy water, but one needs to know how to ask for hot water, and on this point the work is strangely silent, while it is industrious in its effort to tell me how to say I want some aloes, or an amputation, or some diachylum, or a splint. It is helpfully informing on the subjects of gangrene, lumbago, chilblains, and so forth. From it also I learn how to demand *Perdigoto recheado com turbaras*, which appears to mean a truffled partridge, when the more practical sort of comestibles may turn out to be bread, cheese and wine. Bread, I now discover, is *pão*—but only a Portuguese can possibly pronounce with convincing effect any word ending in that everlasting *ão* with the mark over it. It has a nasal quality beyond the reach of anyone not to the manner born. The nearest approach is attained by pronouncing such words as *não* (no) and *stacão* (station) as if you were meditatively chewing them. Of course, the seemingly superfluous "h" in such words as *vinho, senhor* and *senhora* merely yields a "y" sound, like that implied by the Spanish circumflex in kindred words.

By the way, in passing, I note a curious out-

cropping of Greek tricks of speech in this Iberian peninsula which one does not find in the intervening peninsula of Italy—the Spanish habit, for example, of giving a "th" sound to the "d" and making "v's" out of "b's". Presumably this may be traced back to prehistoric migrations of Phœnician and Hellenic traders. Curiously enough, the Portuguese and the Greeks have a very similar system for naming the days of the week, which isn't at all like the Italian or even the Spanish. The Greek word for Monday is *Deutera* (second day) and the Portuguese is *Segundafeira*, which means precisely the same thing. This obtains through the successive days, save that Portugal calls Friday "sixth day" where the Hellene piously refers to it as *Paraskevi* (Day of Preparation).

Quaint as my little phrase-book is, it cannot compare with one issued a century or more ago by an earnest Portuguese scholar, Dom Pedro Carolino. This is his persuasive introduction:

> A Grammar of the Portuguese and English languages, clean of Gallicisms and despoiled phrases, it was wanting yet some time to studious Portuguese and Brazilian youth; and also to persons of other nations whom wish to speak English correctly. We sought all we may do to correct that want, composing and devising this little book with a list of idiotisms and to second a coin's index.
>
> We expect, then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him and for her typographical corrections) that may be worthy the acceptation of the studious persons and especially the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.

So much for the intricacies of the Portuguese language—a digression which has led too far afield. Let us recur to the helpful hints.

In these days of inoculation against typhoid it is of less importance than formerly to warn intending voyagers against the indiscriminate use of drinking-water supplies, which are quite generally under suspicion save in a few mountain resorts, or against the use of milk, butter, uncooked fruits and salads, which the unfortified do well to avoid on any European holiday. Portugal, fortunately, has abundant mineral springs, the bottled waters of which are excellent and may be procured anywhere, although the particular variety is likely to be that of the immediate district. The waters of Luzo and Pedras Salgadas recur to mind as admirable. As always, the prudent demand that such bottles be unsealed in the presence of the consumer.

The native wines of the various districts are also excellent, notably those of the Collares region adjacent to Lisbon, the Seradeyres, and, of course, the famous "vinhos do Porto", which require no introduction by name, although anyone who is so fortunate as to taste really high-grade port on its native heath will always declare that he never knew what real port was before.

Outside the major hotels of Lisbon, Coimbra and Porto the cuisine is likely to be poor, with the shining exception of the extraordinary mountain resort of Bussaco. More detailed reference to this phase of the traveller's problem will be found in the foregoing chapters dealing with the various sites. In the country inns the better meal of the two (for, of course, breakfast doesn't count) is almost always the luncheon, and there is a lamentable propensity toward the service of roasted kid,

which involves an acquired taste. The omelet, however, is always to be depended on, and oranges in Portugal, while rather small, are very nearly the best in the world for flavour. And why not? Oranges are said to have come to Europe by way of Portugal and—as I may have stated elsewhere—the Greeks call them "Portugals" to this day.

Hotel beds in Portugal are commonly unimpeachable for cleanliness, but outside the major cities are likely to be hard and boast pillows of a deplorably inadequate size. A word of caution may also be wisely spoken concerning damp linen, especially in the colder and rainier seasons. The hot-water bottle is an essential article of the traveller's equipment, not only because of its usefulness in drying imperfectly laundered sheets, but also because in the rural inns where there is no pretence of central heating a warm bed is likely to be highly welcome at the close of an arduous day.

Comparatively few, if any, of the Portuguese hotels have resort to the novel custom of adding 10 per cent. to the bill as a gratuity for the servants. One does one's tipping in the old-fashioned way.

In the larger hotels of the largest cities the concierge will usually be found to speak English of a sort and French very much better. He will very likely be the only member of the staff who can speak anything but Portuguese—and in the country one will rarely find anyone who pretends to do more.

The currency of the country is entirely of paper, and the value of its principal unit, the escudo, is

so depreciated that it is a very humble thing indeed. Its value varies, of course, but at the time of this writing it is ruling at about nineteen to the American dollar, so that a single escudo is worth a trifle more than five cents. In its normal estate it would be worth nearly a dollar. An escudo contains 100 centavos, and mathematically minded folk with a genius for microscopy may calculate the value of the latter for themselves. The centavo's place in the day's economy relates mainly to such minor purchases as matches, stamps and daily papers. In older days the escudo was called a milreis (1,000 reis), and as hotel bills were commonly reckoned in reis the appearance of one's account was usually almost as formidable as a statement of the number of miles from Boston to Betelguese. One meets this disquieting situation very seldom now, save in rural hotels, which may ask you for 48,500 reis as the price of a day's stay—a rather alarming demand until one realizes that it means only 48½ escudos, or something like $2.50 in the currency of America.

Portuguese money can almost never be obtained before arrival, even from ships' pursers, so that landing in Lisbon entails going ashore with nothing but American currency; but, of course, that is entirely acceptable to the local populace and suffices for a day's stay such as cruising tourists are usually permitted.

The tendency toward political unrest is admittedly a deterrent. I believe there have been at least two, and possibly three, revolutions in the country since I came away in 1926, and these

lines are written in November. These upheavals are the natural consequence of the recent change to republican forms of government without any previous experience on the part of the people, and their recurrence militates against the speedy rehabilitation of the country following the unsettlements of the Great War. So far as the visitor is concerned, revolutions are not likely to make very much difference, especially if one keeps out of the way of harm while they are in progress. Lisboans affect to make light of them, and their duration is usually brief.

Ordinary living costs are not exactly low, but even the best hotel in Lisbon will, at present figures, ask something between 90 and 110 escudos a day for "complete pension" rates, which means in more familiar terms from $4.50 to $5.50 a day for a room with bath and the usual meals. Wine and water, about equally inexpensive, are naturally extras, but cost absurdly little, since the ordinary Collares vintages rule at about eight escudos the large bottle.

Barring the inevitable scrutiny which the customs officials give to one's luggage on first arriving, official oversight will not be found burdensome by the casual visitor, who will ordinarily not be asked for any credentials after his first presentation of a properly visaed passport. For a longer stay than a week or two there is a technical requirement of some sort of *permis de sejour,* more honoured, I suspect, in the breach than the observance; but the hall porter at the hotel will doubtless procure this for you if he thinks you need it. It is never

amiss, by the way, since the war to carry with you a small stock of loose passport photographs for use in such cases as this. Whether such minutiæ as these police regulations are really enforced or not, I find that compliance with them conduces to a righteous feeling and great peace of mind. On departing from the country, a functionary handsomely bound in blue-and-gold will stamp your passport with a benediction from the emigration office, and will exact a fee of, say, five escudos (a quarter) for your privilege of going away.

The best season for visiting any country north of the tropics and south of the Arctic circle is usually May, and the next best time is in the autumn, when the grapes are being gathered. I suspect that the autumn weather is more settled in Portugal than is the case in the spring. For March and April I can vouch as still rather cold and distinctly moist, despite tales of an abnormally hot February just preceding them. The summers are hot and parched, and are times to avoid. I should hardly advise going to Portugal prior to late March. Wherever you go, of course, the oldest inhabitant will inform you that the weather of the moment is abnormal and without precedent in his recollection—no matter what it is. In an average Portuguese spring-time your need will usually be for warmer, rather than cooler, clothing, and umbrellas or raincoats should on no account be omitted.

On the railroads one does well always to travel first-class, not because the second-class is intolerable, but because there is usually more abundant room in the first-class coaches, particularly in the

"omnibus" trains. The *rapidos* are better patronized, but are seldom so overcrowded as they are in European countries more beset by tourist travel. For a few centavos you can procure an official time-table at the main stations—in theory at least the time-tables are republished monthly—and it is thoroughly wise to buy one, because it isn't always easy to know at what station the train is halting unless there is something to tell you. The trainmen seldom call stations, and the Guia at least gives you some idea of the time at which your arrival is expected.

Buying tickets is not a difficult matter, given time enough; but one should make due allowance for the Iberian custom of opening the ticket-office only a short time before the train is expected regardless of the length of the queue. One may also buy most tickets from the ubiquitous Thos. Cook, who has an office in Lisbon. These, however, have to be dated and stamped at the various stations where the journey is broken, and the train conductors apparently see so few such tickets that your offer of one leads to a perplexed scrutiny, followed by whispered conferences with other trainmen, before the ticket is duly accepted, punched and handed back to you with a courteous bow. At another time, with the added confidence which comes of having been over the road before, I should certainly buy my own. No disrespect to the excellent and useful Mr. Cook, however! One knows too well his convenience to us restless folk who are perpetually concerned to see or to hear some new thing.

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